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BY A. LINCOLN BENDER

HOW ONE GIRL'S COURAGE WON A GREAT VICTORY:

BEGIN IT NOW

An Imaginary Family

By Elsa Wilson Beebe

[Copyright.]

"EIGHTEEN years married and never a cross word," vaunted William Dexter. "A model wife and a model home."

It was his birthday, and an old-time friend was congratulating him over the fact. He slapped him on the shoulder and told him he considered him the happiest man in the world.

William sighed as his friend went on his way. The boastful smile faded from his honest, sympathetic face. In fact, he looked rather doleful and he shook his head sorrowfully.

"But no children!" he spoke to himself, and that was the secret burden of his existence.

It was a glory in life to realize what a wonderful wife his gentle, patient, lovely Milly was. The home was a neat nest of comfort and cleanliness. Milly was intelligent and interesting, and the evenings never palled. Neither ever referred to the lack of childish voices, but when alone Milly often cried and William planned how, a few hundred dollars more ahead, he would make a wholesale raid on some orphan asylum and fill the quiet home with boyish laughter and girlish glee.

"I'm going to mother's for two weeks, William," said Milly, one day. "Don't you think you had better put up at the hotel while I am gone and be comfortable?"

"Not I," protested William definitely. "Why, I'd be so homesick away from the haven of luxury your busy hands have made of the old homestead, that I'd be down to mother's after you inside of two days."

It was pretty hard to miss her dear presence, and William was terribly lonesome the first night. The next he sat lulling himself into delightful dreamland, building a gladsome air castle that was his constant ideal.

"Yes," he mused, "there's Rodney, the first born. I always fancied that name. He's 16, just out of school, and going to work with me in the office next week. There he sits at that desk over yonder, reading up on bookkeeping.

"That's Lelia at the piano, only two years younger, and see what a tall slip of a girl she is. Helps mother with half of the work now.

"Mary is 10. She's crocheting a Christmas present for mother on the sly.

"And baby Willie—named after me. He's the flower of the flock and the pet of the household. What is it, my boy? Want me to help you build those blockhouses? All right——" and William, so vivid and real seemed his picture dream, actually half arose to move over to join his imaginary family.

The action brought him back to the realities of life. He sighed as he drove away the vision influence. Then he smiled whimsically.

"Dear old world, I love everybody!" he aspirated. "It can't ever be true, but they are my shadow children, just the same.

It was bleak and cold outside, but William was lonely and sleepless. He

"Pack Up, I Adopt You."

put on his raincoat, pulled a warm cap down over his face and confronted the blustering elements, setting out for a brisk night stroll.

His heart warmed as he counted the days before Milly would be back. He wondered if she, too, did not long and dream as did he. He began to calculate if he could not afford the care of a couple of adopted mites from the orphan asylum, and then, deep in the woods surrounding the town, he let down on his broad swinging pace at the sound of juvenile voices and a fire glow.

"Well, well," he commented, nearing the glow and discerning four little forms within a sheltered nook of greenery.

There were two boys and two girls, the eldest perhaps fifteen, the youngest not more than five. They were enjoying the blaze and toasting pieces of ham on the ends of sharpened twigs. All four were chattering animatedly. William listened, amazed and then enlightened.

He gleaned from their talk that they were young waifs who had been traveling with a circus. They had been raised to that life by their parents, both dead. One of them could perform on the trapeze, another on the slack wire. The smaller ones did a horseback ride, and all four were amateur muscians.

The circus had gone into bankruptcy and their manager had deserted them. For over a week the little quartette, stout hearted, but hungry, had been begging their way back to some big city.

How the heart of William glowed. Ah, here Providence had placed in his charge the shadow children of his vision: Rodney, Lelia, Mary, little William! He burst in upon them with expansive smile and outstretched arms.

"Pack up," he shouted. "I adopt you!"

In the hurly-burly of explanation William Dexter was not a rational being. It was only when he had got them under his comfortable home roof, and had fed them, and insisted on renaming them, and had told them that they were adopted for all time to come, that the four little waifs read earnestness in his great honest face and responded to it with love.

Within a week each one of the quartette had settled down to some simple household duty. The eldest boy was the man about house, the eldest girl a charming, willing little housekeeper. William Dexter left the house with a prayer of fervent gratitude in the morning and came home with a shout of delight in the evening.

Then Milly came home. She was stunned at the opulent gift a kind heaven had sent her. She clasped them in strained joy to her breast and then clung about the neck of her husband, crying like a happy baby.

It was unalloyed for a month. Then a great shadow hovered over the devoted group. The bank in which William had all his savings failed. The loss caused him to break down. For weeks he lay in an invalid bed. And then he was crushed, as one morning his wife told him that the four children had mysteriously vanished.

"They saw the lean days coming!" moaned William! "It's human nature, but—I loved them so!"

The burden of life was harder than ever to bear now. William got back to health, but, like hard-earned savings, his courage was gone. Nights he and his wife would sit, sad and silent, gazing at the vacant chairs.

One night a neighbor, poorly suppressing an excitement that was unduly intense because it masked a vast secret, invited them over to supper. Two hours later, returning home, the guests were startled to notice their house all alight. The shades were down. They entered in a wondering maze.

"Father!"

"Mother!"

"Home!"—and four rapturous souls surrounded them, and hugged them, and laughed and crowed, and cried, and hurrahed.

"We left to help you," declared the eldest boy. "We got an engagement in the city, and we've earned over three hundred dollars, and it's yours, and it's our last acting, for we're going to get work here, sister and I, and work for you, and live with you, and love you."

Milly was on her knees praying, the tears of joy and gratitude streaming down her cheeks. Reverently the little ones knelt by her side. And, striving to encircle them all in his great loving clasp, William Dexter knew that his imaginary family had been real.

WHEN RACHEL WAS CROSS

"RACHEL is cross today!" complained Jackie to grandma.

"Why, how does that happen?" asked grandma in surprise, for Rachel, grandma's cook and laundress, was very fond of Jackie, and looked forward to his visits almost as much as grandpa and grandma did themselves. "Maybe she is just busy," said grandma. "You know Monday is washday and a very hard day for her."

"No, she's cross, very cross! She told me to go away and not come near her all the rest of the day."

"What were you doing to make her say that?" and grandma's voice was very gentle when she asked the question, but Jackie hung his head a little.

"Nothing," he answered, "at least nothing to make her cross! She was hanging up the clothes, and Fritz and I were playing, and—and——" Somehow it was hard to go on with his story, and the little head went lower still.

"And what?" said grandma.

"Well, we didn't mean to do it, grandma! We didn't know the old rope would break! I swung on it, and Fritz jumped up and pulled on the clothes, and down they came, kerflump, and some of them got all dirty, and Rachel said she'd have to do them all over. She said it would take her half an hour, and she was so cross as two sticks to me, so she was!"

"Dear me!" said grandma. "That was too bad! Poor Rachel! But how history does repeat itself!"

"What do you mean?" asked Jackie, for grandma was laughing.

"I mean that I did the same thing when I was little," and then she laughed again at Jackie's surprised face.

"Tell me!" begged Jackie, and grandma answered, "I will tell you if you sit quiet and watch the clock for five minutes. Jackie climbed into a chair and sat still, watching the clock. How long those five minutes were! When they were ended, grandma said gently, "It will take Rachel six times that long to get those clothes clean again, Jackie!"

"Oh, grandma, I'm sorry!" said the little boy.

"I knew you would be. That was what my mother made me do for five minutes when I was naughty, and then she put me to bed till the clothes were all clean again. I never swung on a clothesline after that. I never forgot how long the time seemed. It was like putting on fairy spectacles. It made me see how——"

"I know!" said Jackie. "It makes me see how poor Rachel felt! Are you going to send me to bed, grandma?"

"No, indeed! I would have sent your father to bed when he was little, but I can't send my little visitor to bed."

"Well, I'm going to punish myself, then," said Jackie. "I've thought of two ways. One way is to go to bed till Rachel gets the clothes clean again, and the other way is to go help her carry the clothes. I could use my little wagon, you know. Which would be better?"

"Which do you think?" asked grandma.

"The wagon," answered Jackie.

"So do I," replied grandma, "if Rachel will allow you to help."

Rachel must have been very sweet about it, for in five minutes grandma heard her singing happily, and she heard Jackie laughing and Fritz barking. In half an hour Jackie came running back shouting:

"It's all right, grandma! The clothes are clean, and we had the mostest fun! Rachel said it was lots and lots of help, and she's going to make me ginger cookies for dinner, so she is."

* * *

Some Bluff.

Gen. Leonard Wood said in Washington apropos of a military question:

"These men in their desire to seem thoroly well up in the latest military science remind me of the greenhorn servant."

"This servant, the really a greenhorn, took a job under the pretense of being very highly trained. Her mistress said to her the first day:

"'I suppose, Jane, you can fill the lamps?'

"'Oh, yes, ma'am. Yes, indeed, ma'am!' Jane answered. 'And which would ye ruther I filled 'em with—gas or electricity?'"

* * *

Before and After.

"Why are the stars so dim tonight?" she cooed softly.

"Because your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand.

They were engaged then.

"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she murmured, musingly.

"One, if it were long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

That was after they were married.

* * *

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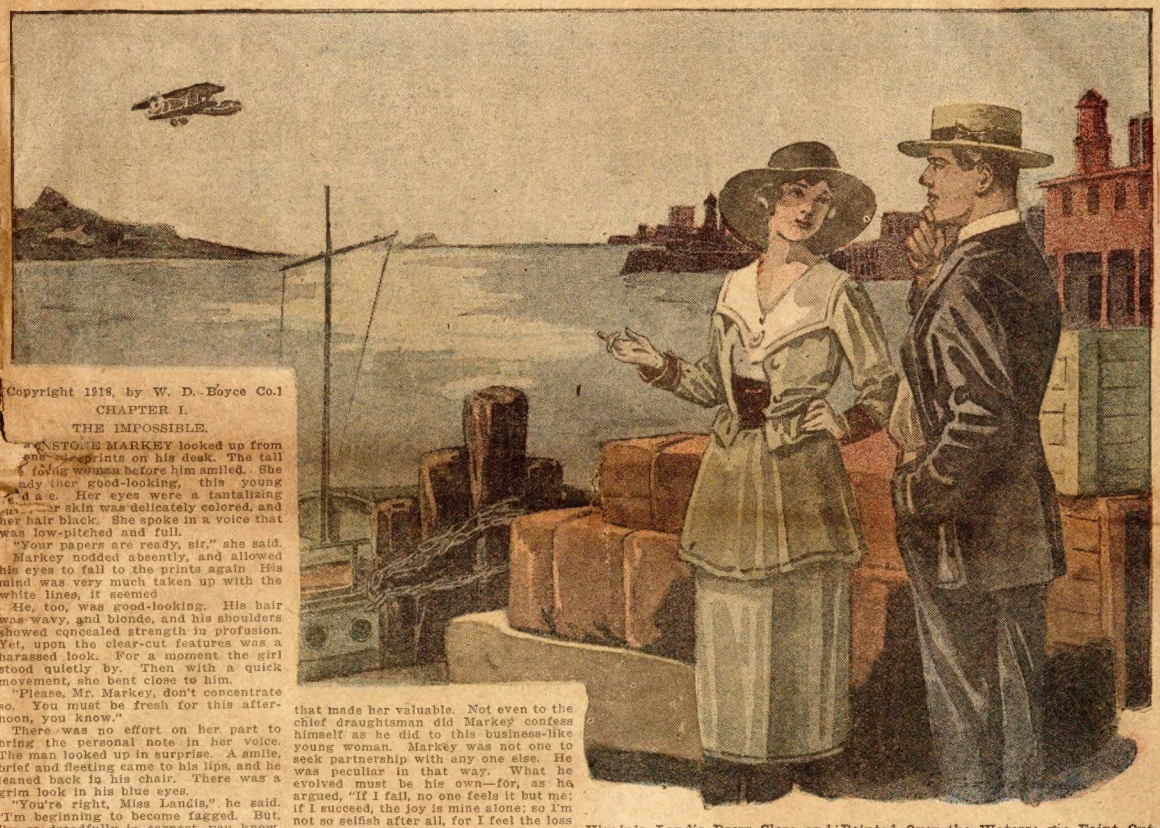
Concrete Ships and a War Profiteer Figure in the First Half of

HULLS OF STONE

By A. Lincoln Bender



Virginia Landis Drew Close and Pointed Over the Waters; the Faint Outlines of a Flat Island Could Be Seen on the Horizon.

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CHAPTER I.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

JOHNSTONE MARKEY looked up from the blueprints on his desk. The tall young woman before him smiled. She was rather good-looking, this young lady. Her eyes were a tantalizing gray, her skin was delicately colored, and her hair black. She spoke in a voice that was low-pitched and full.

"Your papers are ready, sir," she said.

Markey nodded absently, and allowed his eyes to fall to the prints again. His mind was very much taken up with the white lines, it seemed.

He, too, was good-looking. His hair was wavy, and blonde, and his shoulders showed concealed strength in profusion. Yet, upon the clear-cut features was a harassed look. For a moment the girl stood quietly by. Then with a quick movement, she bent close to him.

"Please, Mr. Markey, don't concentrate so. You must be fresh for this afternoon, you know."

There was no effort on her part to bring the personal note in her voice. The man looked up in surprise. A smile, brief and fleeting came to his lips, and he leaned back in his chair. There was a grim look in his blue eyes.

"You're right, Miss Landis," he said. "I'm beginning to become fagged. But, I'm so dreadfully in earnest, you know. Now," he swept over the prints, and went rapidly into a discussion, "now, as you know, it is utterly nonsensical to think that this thing cannot be worked out. Here I have charts showing tensile strength, buoyancy, shock absorption, and a hundred and one other scientific points that enter into this matter. It can be done!"

This time the young lady came around and stood close to him. "I know that," she said quietly, "and so do all engineers with a bit of imagination. But don't let it eat up your strength. They cannot help but support you and you know it. It's perfectly applicable, and you will prove it to them. But why worry about it now? You must be fresh to meet them. They will be on you all the time you know."

Johnstone Markey, construction engineer of still uncertain standing, smiled. For a brief instant, he visualized the struggle he had made during the past four years. Only lately was he being recognized as one of the younger engineers who adapted concrete to nearly every use. But now, just when he desired to do something that would be of invaluable assistance to the world, he seemed balked. The men to whom he had applied, did not seem disposed to listen to him. He recalled the day when he had opened his three-room office. She had come to him a week later. Somehow Markey had learned to rest upon this slim girl. Virginia Landis was his private secretary. She knew everything going on, and she knew it in a manner that made her valuable. Not even to the chief draughtsman did Markey confess himself as he did to this business-like young woman. Markey was not one to seek partnership with any one else. He was peculiar in that way. What he evolved must be his own—for, as he argued, "If I fail, no one feels it but me; if I succeed, the joy is mine alone; so I'm not so selfish after all, for I feel the loss while I feel the gain."

Yet, somehow, he sensed that without Virginia Landis his business would have been a bare thing. Ever since he started, she had been there to brighten the office, and his work. When he built the first sand and gravel bins, engineers had laughed him to scorn. But, Virginia Landis had not. She urged him to try it—and Johnstone Markey had succeeded.

Now, in time of the world's need, he had evolved a scheme that was not entirely new in its application, but startlingly new in its magnitude. But for Virginia's aid, he would have dropped it the minute after his interview with the committee at the Capital. They had not been very enthusiastic, the committee. That was before experienced men had been appointed. Now, under the pressure from this spirited girl, Markey was ready to make his second trip. She knew much, this girl. She had improved her knowledge by a special course at Cooper Union at nights. Johnstone Markey marvelled at it but once, then realized that the girl was unusual. He dismissed the description thus, and never made a further study of it. Truth was, he was in love with the girl, and it had not become conscious as yet. He was so busy that his thoughts had not been turned to that channel. His eyes took in every detail of the tall girl as she stood there before him. She was pretty, no doubt of it. Yet, something strong showed itself in the gray eyes. It was will, no doubt, unconquerable will.

"I know, Miss Landis," he said tersely, suddenly conscious that for the first time her driving was irksome. "But you don't realize what sort of men I'm going up against. They are so conservative, they would call a meeting to issue instructions to save a ship from sinking. It's discouraging, you know."

Virginia Landis seated herself on the chair at which she always sat when she took his dictation. Her long lashes swept upward, as she glanced at the strong young face before her. A becoming blush suffused her cheeks. The man's gaze became admiring. A light shone in his eyes.

"Johnstone Markey," Virginia Landis said in a low tone. "The time has come when you must fight for this idea of yours. I know better than you, perhaps, the fight you are going to have to convince these men, but you must do it. You know that, do you not?"

For the moment Johnstone Markey realized with a delightful little thrill that this girl had forgotten to address him as "mister." He searched the gray wells, but could find nothing there but sincerity.

He leaned over, and allowed his hand to fall over hers. It sent a thrill thru him such as he had never before thought himself capable of. She did not lower her eyes.

"I guess you're right, Miss Landis," he said shortly.

She withdrew her hand, and leaned back in her chair. Her lips were parted in a smile.

"Of course I'm right," she replied in a brisk tone. "Here you've been worrying about a lot of pesky plans, when what you should have been doing is making arrangements to whip another organization into shape. What have you done to anticipate possible acceptance by these big men? Oh, I know you'll say that you have your labor organization ready. But what about supplies? And what about a suitable place? You haven't thought of that, have you?"

Johnstone Markey allowed a quick laugh to come from his lips. He clasped his fingers behind his wavy hair, and grinned at her. "No, I have not," he said. "Why should I worry myself with such details, when I have you to depend upon? Come, now, out with it—where am I going to build this? And have you ordered the necessary cement and sand and gravel? Have you put in your requisitions for the reinforcing steel? And how about the lumber for the forms? All O. K.? Good. Miss Landis, from next week your salary is raised $5 per week!"

Her cheeks flushed at the banter. She grew red up the back of her neck, and to the tips of her tiny ears. When she spoke, the gray eyes were flashing.

"I have done all that you enumerated, sir," Miss Landis said quietly. "And I thank you for your kindness. I'll try to

show you that I am deserving of it!"

He watched her in astonishment as she crossed the intervening space, opened the door, and disappeared into the outer office. For a long minute Johnstone Markey continued looking at the ground-glass portion of the entrance, then he roused himself.

"Fool," he grunted. "Trying to appear flippant with her, eh? It would serve you right if she left this instant."

He rose. His figure was tall and well-proportioned. Johnstone Markey was alone in the world. He had worked his way thru college, and to his present status. And he was proud of it. Now, as he thought of this girl, he grew not quite so satisfied with himself. He stepped to the door, and gazed outside. She was seated at her desk, her nimble fingers beating a tattoo on the typewriter.

"Miss Landis," he said.

The bookkeeper and the three other assistants looked up quickly, then returned to their duties.

Virginia Landis rose, and came forward slowly. Johnstone Markey noted, apparently for the first time, how well she carried herself. A sudden feeling of his blindness assailed him. Why, the girl was undeniably pretty.

He pulled her chair closer to the desk. "Miss Landis," he said quietly, facing her. "I want to thank you for your acumen. What spot did you have in mind for our new plant?"

Again she colored. But she did not lose her composure. "Lark Island," Miss Landis stated briskly. "It is close to facilities. It has deep water, and it is an ideal place for a construction camp. It can be reached in an hour from here. The boat freight is approximately a dollar a ton from the harbor, and the railroad is a mile away from the mainland. A barge can be chartered, and we can tow our materials ourselves, if necessary. There is a siding there."

Johnstone Markey marvelled again.

"Living conditions?" he questioned.

"Perfect. There are four houses there now. All empty, due to the inhabitants' working in munitions plants. They will house fifty men easily."

He commenced folding up his blueprints, and continued gazing at her. "I made an error before," he said in a low tone. "Your salary has been increased $10 per week. I'll be back tomorrow, and no matter what happens, we'll go ahead on our own hook. Make arrangements, please."

Twenty minutes later, Johnstone Markey was aboard the train speeding toward the Capital. His appointment was for 4:30, and he had qualms that it was not going to be as successful as he hoped. All during the trip, he mentally reviewed his plans, so that he could plunge immediately into a discussion of them. To him they were perfect. If—he recalled the statements of his secretary—if they were accepted, he would go ahead with their consummation himself. He had capital enough to do it. Not an abundance of it, did he have, but enough to cover the initial plan.

Washington was filled with officers, both military and naval. It was an overflowing metropolis. Johnstone Markey hailed a taxi, and drove to the New Willard. He handed his name to the clerk, and asked him to telephone to Senator MacGibbons' suite. A moment later, he was following a bell-hop.

He was ushered into the suite by the blase boy. A thick cloud of smoke came from the room. Markey noted that quite a few persons were waiting. An officious secretary looked up at his entrance. Johnstone presented his card.

"I've an engagement at 4:30," he said briefly. The secretary bowed, and disappeared into another room. In a moment he returned, and beckoned to the tall young fellow.

The interior room was even more smoky. Half a dozen men were seated about a long mahogany table, at the head of which was the great form of the well-known Senator.

"Ah, Mr. Markey," he said in his best voice, smiling. "It is a pleasure to meet you so punctually."

He waved to the men, and called their names off. Among them, Johnson Markey recognized but two. They were engineers of the conservative type. One other figure held his glance. He was a robust man, of perhaps 45, with a florid face, and eyes that were so bright as to appear made of steel. He was sucking at a long cigar. He shot a glance at the young fellow. It caused an uncomfortable feeling to course up and down Markey's back.

"Gentlemen," said the Senator, "This is Johnstone Markey, the concrete expert of whom I was speaking. He has a plan which he desires me as chairman, and you as my colleagues, to foster."

Johnstone bowed, and drew up a chair. They were apparently awaiting him. He unclasped his brief-bag, and drawing forth his specifications, and drawings, laid them on the table.

"Gentlemen," he said simply. "I won't take up much time. I am here to endeavor to impress upon you a plan that is not original with me, but which I have proved to my satisfaction is perfectly feasible."

Markey glanced about at the men one by one. They made no move.

"It is this," went on the young fellow. "I propose to build concrete vessels of ten to twelve thousand dead-weight tons!"

A murmur of disbelief went up from the assembled men. For a moment Johnstone's heart sank, then his jaw went out.

"I have here a working drawing showing my plan," he said quietly. "I have also prepared charts showing that my plan is thoroly applicable. I don't have to point to my concrete bins which so many engineers said were impracticable. I leave my plans to speak for themselves."

He glanced up, and his gaze centered on the florid face of the man who had never taken his eyes from the young fellow. There seemed to be a little sneering grin at the corners of the straight mouth.

Those nearest picked up the blue prints and specifications. Two of them turned toward the Senator, as tho seeking his private opinion. The great face was impassive.

For a moment there was an impressive silence. Then the florid faced man spoke. His voice was low, and incisive.

"Can't be done, young fellow. Too theoretical."

The two of the board who had been glancing at the plans, suddenly laid them on the table, and nodded acquiescence to the statements.

Johnstone's Markey's cheek grew white, and his eyes flashed a bit.

"The figures before you, disprove that statement, sir," he bit off.

The florid-faced man grinned a bit, and elevated his cigar to an angle. Hurlburt's my name, son," he said with a quick little snap. "J. Edward Hurlburt."

"Pardon my forgetfulness," shot back Johnstone Markey. "But I wish to draw your attention to the fact that my figures prove that it can be done!"

The Senator waved his hand, and smiled. "Gentlemen," he said in his oily voice, "no personal arguments, please."

J. Edward Hurlburt did not deign to glance around. "I say it can't, Markey. In the first place, this is no time to experiment with any fool plans like that. Time is too valuable. Besides, what if you can do it? It wouldn't help much. It's not psychological, my boy. People can't be made to believe that stone can float. No, I'm convinced that it can't be done. Wood is the only thing to dabble in just now. We haven't got the time to fool with new notions!"

The four men had been watching J. Edward Hurlburt. Now that he finished, one voiced his opinion. He was a weak-eyed little man, with thick glasses.

"That's it Hurlburt," he said, in a squeaky voice. "We can't afford to experiment. Time is too precious!"

"You're right," boomed a big man alongside of him.

Johnstone Markey felt his flesh crinkle. All the fighting blood that had laid dormant in him was forcing itself to be heard. The Senator rose, and bowed toward him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Markey," he said in his smooth voice, "but you see what the consensus of opinion is. The very plan you suggest is in itself against you. While I personally do not doubt its feasibility, what my colleagues decide, carries weight with me. However, if you desire to leave your plans to discuss, we will be glad to give them every consideration"

Johnstone Markey rose. His body was trembling. His eyes burned. He turned toward Hurlburt, and fixed him with his glance.

"I don't doubt that you are sincere in your denials of my plans, gentlemen," he said "But far from being so utterly impractical, I am certain that they are entirely feasible. I apologize for disturbing the serenity of your meeting. Mr. Hurlburt, may I ask just what sort of business you are engaged in?"

Those about the table gave a visible start. Hurlburt tilted his cigar and grinned mockingly.

"Certainly, son. You can ask all the questions you are of mind to. Whether or not they will be answered is another matter. But I am interested in building ships."

Johnstone Markey allowed a little smile to come to his lips He turned toward the group and swept them with a contemptuous glance.

"Thanks," he said. He gathered up his plans slowly. There was a painful silence.

Slowly he replaced them in his bag. When he had finshed; he turned his gaze once again toward Hurlburt. That individual was casting his unwavering eyes on the tall form.

"Nothing is impossible, Hurlburt," he said apropos of nothing "Good day, gentlemen!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

CURIOUSLY enough Johnstone Markey found himself cool and collected when he reached the lobby of the hotel. The result of the brief interview was humorous, rather than tragic to him. He laughed outright when he recalled the quick acquiescense of the four men to Hurlburt's statements. That the Senator had agreed was perhaps the bitterest drop in his cup of failure. But, then, the great man had asked him to leave his plans for a further inspection. That in itself showed that the public figure was not so readily convinced of the fallibility of Markey's plans For that alone Johnstone honored him

But his jaw went hard as he walked slowly along the street. There was only one course left open to him now. He would build his hull of stone himself, and show the unbelievers that it was all he said it was. It was no time to experiment, that was true, but this was not in the nature of an experiment—it was an actuality.

Not until he had reached the Union Station did Johnstone Markey cease thinking of the rough road that lay just ahead of him. He would be practically alone in his undertaking. There would be no assistance from the men whom he desired help. He must stand on his own feet, and prove to the unbelieving that his project was practical.

Johnstone, by good fortune, secured a parlor car seat in the evening train. All traffic was congested now. The trains coming into and going from the Capital of the country were jammed with young Americans ready to assist their mother country.

He had dinner in the diner, and made it as brief as possible. One great question possessed his mind. With all his other work going on, could he bring together enough capital to finance the proposition? The young fellow figured rapidly his visible assets. No doubt he could get enough extension of credit from the supply houses. They knew him for four years now, and his demands had never been curtailed. No, the trouble would not lie in that direction. It would lie in labor and procuring the supplies once they had been ordered.

It was close to midnight when he rolled into Thirty-Third street. He hailed a taxi and was driven to his apartment in the upper Eighties. This trip had been as much of a failure as the first one—perhaps a little more so, if the refusal of the committee was taken as a forecast. A grim smile was on Johnstone's lips as he retired. There was only one way to go now; that was forward with his plans.

He was down to the office about nine o'clock. He noted with agreeable surprise that Virginia Landis was already at her desk, opening the morning mail. She glanced up at his entrance, and smiled.

"What luck?" she asked, after bidding him good-morning.

"All sorts," returned Johnstone Markey. "Principally bad, tho. But to me it is good luck, for I'm going to show them despite their universal rejection."

Her eyes flashed a bit at his statement, and she returned to her perusal of the remainder of the letters. He passed onward to his office. A map was laying on his desk, and he glanced at it. Marked in red, he noted the position of Lark Island. A grunt of satisfaction came from his lips. The piece of ground was no doubt ideal for his type of work. It lay two miles from the mainland, and the red line of the railroad showed a siding close enough to the shore to enable him to barge his supplies across if necessary.

While he studied it, Miss Landis came in. She placed the mail upon his desk and retreated noiselessly. Johnstone looked up. "Miss Landis," he said quickly

She faced him.

"This Lark Island—have you seen it?"

She nodded briefly, and returned to her desk.

"It is ideal. Deep water, and space enough without any clearing necessary for us to erect forms immediately. Why, it looks as tho it were meant for a shipyard."

Again Johnstone Markey marveled at the knowledge of this girl. He smiled at her, and her cheeks flooded with crimson.

"I'm satisfied," he said quietly. "Make arrangements to corral men enough to start. Let's see, this is Thursday; you start Monday? I mean ordinary work. Can you get lumber?"

Again Miss Landis nodded, and a young engineer felt a real thrill.

"We can procure lumber enough in Bridgeport this minute. It will be slightly higher, but it will be made up in saving of time."

"How about cement and sand and gravel?"

"I can have them barged up in a week. The only thing lacking will be reinforcing steel. I," she turned, and walked rapidly toward the door. "I have written to the steel company, and they tell me that a week will be necessary to cut the bars to the length we require. I'll bring their correspondence."

Johnstone recalled her. "No need. Get me Heffernan on the wire. I'll talk to him. What about the Sheely job? Can't we take some of the steel from that?"

"I've counted on that. There are ten tons coming now. I'll have them diverted to Linville Siding. Shall I?"

"By all means—meantime, get me that number and I'll talk to Heffernan myself."

He watched her go out with a feeling that it was she and not himself who had made the decision to go ahead with his plan. And, for the second time in two days, Johnstone Markey frowned at the realization that this girl meant more to him than a mere office assistant.

He completed his talk with the steel man. A short statement of the needs and the demand for quick action resulted in the promise of immediate shipment of the bars. For the first time that morning, Johnstone sat back in his chair with the feeling that he had done something.

Then he picked up his cap and walked to the front office. He stopped beside her desk. She was telephoning. He could hear the orders plainly.

"Yes, Bellows. Fifty men for a new job on Monday. Don't fail. Stop in Saturday and I'll give you transportation. That's all. Good-by."

There was nothing unladylike in the tone—yet, it was so unlike a woman that again Johnstone marveled at her. Her commands were brisk and brooked no disappointment.

"I'm going to drive up and look at that place," he said, gazing down at her, "and I want you to come along."

Miss Landis rose and walked to her assistant. For a moment she spoke in low tones, then she procured her hat and coat and was beside him.

The trip was made in an hour. She seemed to know every inch of the way. At the little railroad siding she smiled at the freight agent.

"Have to bother you again, Tim. Can

MURPHY, MARINE

Murphy, Marine, went forth to the war;
American clear thru and clean,
His country, his mother, his sweetheart, he loved,
Upstanding Murphy, Marine.

His sweetheart, she kissed smiling Murphy, Marine,
His mother, she whispered a prayer,
Never back looking went Murphy, Marine,
With joy in his heart, "over there."

His mother, she knitted and prayed for her boy,
His sweetheart wrote letters so gay,
But never a word from the women he loved
Heard Murphy, Marine, from that day.

Just one of a good many chaps like himself,
Just one in the thick of the fight,
Upheld by the love of the women at home,
He battled for God and for right.

No medals, no honors, no cross of the war,
Were given to Murphy, Marine;
But ne'er was a lad for obeying commands
With courage and valor, more keen.

Dead, somewhere in France is Murphy, Marine,
—Just a line in the papers today—
And proud are the women left lonely at home,
That he died in the brave soldier's way.

—FRANK FAIR.

our brother take us across to the island?"

The grizzled agent smiled and touched his cap. "Sure kin, ma'am. I'll git him right away."

There was a wait of perhaps five minutes.

Virginia Landis drew close to the young fellow, and pointed over the blue waters of the Sound. On the horizon the faint outlines of a flat island could be seen.

"That's it," she said. "We'll see it more distinctly when we start."

Johnstone Markey was agreeably satisfied with the place. As Miss Landis said, it was ideal. The flat portion was facing inland, affording protection from the sudden storms so common on the Sound. Too, there was enough timber standing to assure them logs if necessary. The four houses the girl had spoken of were in fair condition, and could readily be utilized as living quarters for fifty or more men.

As they were returning, he looked at this girl. She seemed very small beside him, yet the eyes were unwavering.

"I'm only now beginning to realize that I owe much of my recent success to you, Miss Landis," he said quietly. "I will not forget it easily. This thing we are going into now means much not only to us, but to the world at large. You shall gain everything by it."

Virginia Landis raised her eyes to his. There was a glistening look of happiness in them. For a moment Johnstone thought that she would speak, then she lowered the gray orbs and looked away.

"Thank you," she said in a low tone.

They sped on in silence. An indefinable sense of peace stole over the two. To Johnstone Markey it was a new epoch in his life. To Virginia Landis it was the beginning of something that she had fought against—love. Her woman's intuition told her what was not as yet a clear thought to her employer.

The two days following were filled with mastering the details of their new construction camp. Feverishly busy they were. Johnstone flung himself into the mass of work on hand as he had never before done. He could easily infer the reason. He was on his mettle to prove that his ideas were sound, and the same feeling pervaded his spirit as when he was on the football team in college. It was time for him to put his every effort to the successful culmination of the work before him. Toward Miss Landis he maintained a jocular bearing that she returned. It pleased him heartily.

On the early morning train, he again told himself that he would succeed. He found that the small launch had already been chartered by his secretary, and a pleased smile came to his lips.

As he came to the island, he could already see that the superintendent, Silent Bellows, had started the preliminary clearing of the ground.

The sight surcharged the feeling already rampant in him. He swept the place with practiced eye. Bellows came forward and nodded. He was a tall man. His lean face was scarred, and marked, and the eyes were silent reminders that the man was one to whom fooling and falsity were strangers.

"Miss Landis advises me that the necessary lumber for starting the forms will arrive in two days, Silent," said Johnstone. "Meantime, I think it a good plan to excavate for the ways."

The tall superintendent nodded briefly. "Had that in mind, sir. Ought to be able to start on time. I've got the steel gang on hand. Thought it a good plan to have them here before actual work started. I'll start to lay out the bars tonight."

Johnstone Markey nodded absently, and swept the horizon with his gaze. It was a delightful spot, albeit a trifle desolate. Just the sort of a spot that would augur well for uninterrupted work, he mentally thought. He would get all the necessary supplies on hand, and rush the work to completion as rapidly as was consistent with good work.

All day he was back and forth on the job. He had taken over a room on the second floor of the house nearest to the contemplated spot of building. It overlooked the entire territory. Below him, Bellows was reinforcing the small dock that jutted out into the blue waters of the sound. The ringing noises of the hammers and the buzzes of the saws sounded like music to his ears. It was almost two years since he had been actively engaged in supervising the creation of his own works. It brought him back to those happy days spent under all kinds of skies and in all sorts of weather. He mentally decided to have telephone wires laid to the Island. No matter what the cost, they would pay for themselves in saving of time.

It was close onto eight o'clock, when he was surprised to hear the chugging sound of the little launch. Perhaps five minutes later, he was still more astonished to hear a knock on the door of the room. Upon his invitation to enter, Virginia Landis came in. He did not know when he had discerned her beauty more. For a brief space the two looked at each other. Then she placed a packet of letters on the deal table, which was temporarily in use as a desk. The first envelope held his gaze. In the upper left hand corner was this legend: "War Department"

Slowly Johnstone Markey split it open. It contained an order to present himself to his local board for physical examination immediately. For a long moment he stared unseeingly at it. In his sincere earnestness he had momentarily forgotten the draft. It was not thru any slackness; it was because he had given his whole attention to this new idea of his that would assist his government in the struggle, that he had forgotten his military status. He straightened his shoulders a bit, and smiled at the face before him.

"It's come, Virginia," he said in a low tone.

She understood instantly. "The draft?" Her quietness of tone matched his. There was an air of directness between them.

Johnstone nodded. His chin went hard, and his eyes took on a new light. "But they won't find me hesitating," he muttered. For another space there was silence. He looked up at her. She had not moved, altho her smile was one of sincere satisfaction.

"But," he tossed out his hands, and a frown came to his forehead. "What about this? What about my plans? Must I give them up now?"

Virginia Landis had seated herself on the other chair. As he spoke, she raised her eyes to him. The gray orbs reflected a light of grim determination. Before she could phrase any word, Johnstone rose, and paced the floor.

"It's not that I want to get out of it," he said more to himself than to her. He seemed to forget her presence entirely. "But, good grief, I can be of much more assistance building my ships than I can by being a soldier. I wonder if," he musingly turned toward her, and considered her attitude mutely. "I wonder if the Board would not grant an appeal in my case? I wonder——"

Then he stopped, and shot his gaze to her eyes. What flickered there was something that he had never seen before. It stiffened his back. He laughed shortly.

"I wonder if I can be accepted in the grand, the best army in the world?" he completed with a ring to his tones. "What I am doing is problematical, it can wait. The Shipping Board says so. No, I——" The gray eyes had softened, and there was a smile on the lips of Virginia Landis. "I rather guess I'll report, and I hope they accept me"—

"Good," she said in a low tone, rising and coming toward him.

Again he was assailed by a wild desire to take her into his arms, and press her to his breast, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"Thank you, Virginia," he said, voice husky. Then, a quick thought shot to his brain. He laughed that he had not thought of it before. She was speaking.

"The time to support your country is when she calls you, Johnstone. It comes in a difficult time, this notice. But why give up your plans? They can be consummated. There is a way. You know it." The gray eyes were like two wells of divinity.

His hands went out, and caught hold of her arms. He pulled her toward him slowly.

"Virginia! Virginia!" he cried softly. "I knew it vaguely months ago—only just now did the realization come. Of course I know the way. There can be only one now. You!"

She lowered her head. The cheeks flushed a delicate red, and he could feel her body tremble, as tho from joy. When she looked up her eyes were wet.

"I'll Make Those Hunkies Work as They Never Worked Before," Silent Exclaimed.

"Yes," she whispered. "Me. I can do it, Johnstone. I promise. We can both do our bit, and—and I'm so proud of you, Johnstone."

Again the short laugh came from the young fellow's lips. "Proud of me? for what? It is the women of the country we should be proud of, Virginia. I never knew—I never even thought. Tomorrow morning I give you my power of attorney. You will have a free hand. And I'll serve them that call in my insignificant way."

"Tomorrow?" she asked timidly. "Can't we do it tonight? I have a machine waiting."

His laugh was joyful. He seized his cap and hurried with her from the building.

"Comes in a bad time?" he asked. "Not on your life. It's the greatest thing ever happened. For it showed me—it opened my eyes."

CHAPTER III.

VIRGINIA TAKES HOLD.

IF VIRGINIA Landis was nervous about the job she had undertaken her poise did not give that impression. In a short skirt, high leather shoes and a tight-fitting jacket, she took immediate charge of the work at hand.

Johnstone Markey had been certified for service almost immediately, and but a week's time elapsed before he was sent to the cantonment. The tall young fellow spoke not another word about his plans, or their sudden disruption (so far as he was concerned). He had the utmost confidence in the young girl who had stepped to the fore in his time of need. She had come to see him off on the early morning train.

"I'll expect reports from you, Virginia," he said in a quiet tone. "If you need any assistance don't fail to call me between seven and nine. I'll be in the Y. M. C. A. hut then."

She had looked up into his eyes, and for the first time showed the feeling that was up to that time her secret.

"I'll count on your help, Johnstone; good-by."

That was all. They seemed to have reached a perfect understanding. Theirs was a work for the country that had sheltered them both, and they realized it.

The reinforcing steel had arrived on time. Bellows put the men to work on it the same day. A skeleton of iron arose. It was curious to look at, this new work. In the distance it resembled some huge cage—some great chicken house. The men crawled like monkeys about their scaffolding, binding the reinforcing bars together. That was the first step in the construction. When the steel bars had been thoroly placed, then the wooden forms were built about them.

Already Bellows had completed the ways. Under the instructions from Virginia, he had used as little lumber as possible.

"Let's anticipate everything possible, Silent," she ordered. "I've got some angles ordered. Make the ways of steel, too. Of course, we must have wood for the forms, but underneath, make the scaffolding of steel, as much as you can."

Silent Bellows nodded and looked at her sharply. "I got you, Miss," he returned. "And I'll see to it that there won't be much chance for funny work."

Two barges came up from tidewater loaded with cement. Then four more arrived filled to the brim with sand and gravel. For three days the entire force had to be switched to unloading and storing the supplies.

To Virginia the work was most interesting. Tho she had known the general principles of it long, she had never been so physically connected with it. Here under her very fingers were all the necessary component parts that would magically rise and take shape under the deft instructions that were detailed upon the blue prints. A sudden sense of the responsibility that she had undertaken burst upon her. The smile disappeared and the corners of her mouth hardened a bit. What if she should fail? What would Johnstone say then? Her gray eyes flashed a bit. She must not fail. He had every confidence in her, this young fellow who had been called to the colors. Virginia's lips tightened. No, she must not even allow herself to think of failure. She must push on ahead and win.

The telephone company had not as yet completed stringing the wires to the isolated island. Hence, she confined her reports to a night letter. In it she endeavored to tell her employer all that happened. Too, she had to supervise the office. At first Virginia liked the change. She would spend two hours in New York, then speed to the Island and stay until past sundown. Bellows was capable of handling the details in a very satisfactory manner. Yet, somehow the girl felt that she should be present every second of the time. But she could not stay on the Island overnight. She would have been the only woman there. And some of the laborers were men of the brute type. She shuddered to think of her fate if a gang of them broke bounds at any time. With that in view, she procured a permit, and purchased a small calibered pistol. Its companionship gave her courage.

Then, as a new week started, she was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from the Shipping Board. Her fingers trembled a bit as she opened it. She was opening all the mail now. The letter was brief and terse. "Come to Washington for an interview on Wednesday."

Virginia Landis' cheek dyed a red of satisfaction as she dictated her reply. She signed it "V. LANDIS, Sec'y."

Then for two whole days she spent most of her time at the Island. There was a feverish activity there now. Men were moving about under hoarse commands from their foremen. The reinforcing steel had disappeared in an encasement of wooden planks of untrimmed splintery lumber. To the casual eye the whole was a mass of no apparent preconceived idea.

Above the two moulds of boards, the uneven ends of the reinforcing steel bars appeared, giving it the appearance of a stubby beard on a human face. The delicate curves of wooden or steel vessels were curiously lacking. The prow was a mass of scaffolding that defied definite word expression. The stern was the same. Yet, altho frail and flimsy looking, a certain defiant, ridden strength seemed to radiate from the unwieldly shape.

Close by four concrete mixing machines were being erected. Already a couple of hundred tons of soft coal had been piled up, far enough away from the job and close enough to the water to prevent spontaneous combustion.

"Things seem to be going along well, Bellows," Virginia said to the superintendent as she stood watching the men

as they put the finishing touches to the wooden forms.

"Well enough, Miss Landis," he said in his quick way. "Once we get these things working we could turn them out wholesale."

His deepset eyes sparkled in the joy of his work of creating new things. Virginia nodded. She presented a pretty picture there in her sensible clothing. The wind blew a few strands of the black hair across her features. It but accentuated her beauty.

"I hope we can go ahead on such a scale as you suggest, Bellows," replied she quietly.

"So do I, but——" he shrugged.

"I'm going to Washington tomorrow," Virginia broke in. "I'll be back in two days. Meantime you will press the work as hard as humanly possible." She glanced at the men as they went about their duties. Nodding toward them, she said: "No trouble there, is there?"

Bellows spat deliberately to the earth. There was a glint in his eyes.

"Not yet," he pronounced. "Not yet."

She looked up at him quickly. "You don't expect it?"

"Can't tell what to expect these days," replied the superintendent sententiously. "Shall I begin with the concrete if you are not back?"

"Of course. The quicker we finish the better I will like it. If you need me telephone care of the Willard."

She turned and made her way to the little launch. All the remainder of the day she put herself to the task of clearing up all detail. Two more barges each of sand and gravel were ordered for delivery. An additional supply of cement was consigned to them via all rail. Then for the first time the girl realized how all this was beginning to tell on her. She felt decidedly weary. Her limbs for the first time in her knowledge were tiring.

The glass told her that her cheeks were losing some of the blush, and her eyes were tired. But she bit her lips, and a new light came to her eyes. It was no time to think of her personal prettiness now. She was the moving spirit behind the scheme of the man who had showed that he loved her. And he was uncomplainingly giving everything he possessed for the consummation of his big plan. She closed her eyes and recalled the look on his face when she had asked him to allow her to take hold of the work. It caused a smile of happiness to come over her lips.

It was late that night when she was awakened by a violent ringing of the telephone. She hastily threw a kimono about her form and lifted the receiver. A metallic voice informed her that long distance was calling. Virginia awaited impatiently for the connection. The voice finally came. It was that of Bellows.

"Hello, Miss Landis. This is Bellows. I'm over on the mainland." Her heart sank. Intuition told her that something had happened, "Can you get more cement here in a hurry? The barge at the dock sunk in some manner tonight. Of course you know what happened. The cement naturally dissolved." There was a little snap to his tone. "I've got my eye on one fellow tho." A silence. "Can you do it?"

Virginia caught her voice. "Of course, Bellows. I'll have another there tomorrow. How did it happen?"

"Don't know yet," came back the laconic response. "But I've got my ideas. When will I expect it?"

"Day after tomorrow. I'll make arrangements immediately. Good-by."

She heard him hang up the receiver. A faraway look came to the gray eyes. So they had started? So the unforseen accidents had begun to play their part? For the moment a heavy weight seemed to be hanging on her throat She glanced at the clock and was surprised to note that it was close to two in the morning.

She shivered a bit in the chill air and snuggled under the covers. For a long while she cogitated, then fell into a troubled sleep.

Early next morning she was at the office. For an hour she used the telephone in an effort to procure a barge load of cement. Only after she had exhausted most of her patience and had made a score of telephone calls did she succeed. Then, after an exasperating round of the towing lines, she finally chartered a barge at an exorbitant rate. When she had finished her nerves felt jagged. She knew that her face was flushed unbecomingly, and that ends of her hair were straggling about her face. It further irritated her. She must catch the noon train. But a brief hour was left.

She snatched a dairy lunch and made the train just on time. And for the second time she wondered if she was going to be able to stand the terrific strain that she knew was just beginning to make itself felt. She sincerely prayed that she would not be found wanting.

At the Capital she hurried to the hotel designated in the letter. The clerk called a bell-hop immediately and escorted her to the second floor.

To the well-dressed secretary, Virginia presented the letter. He looked up in surprise at the visitor. For a moment it appeared as tho he would speak, then with an ingratiating smile he disappeared within. Virginia did not seat herself. She glanced around the little room, noting the stereotyped furnishings with a little grimace.

The secretary returned and beckoned her. She went thru the door and it closed behind her. Within the room but two men were seated. The one she recognized instantly as Senator MacGibbons; the other she could not recall. His steel-like eyes and florid face made an indelible impression, however. She smiled at the Senator and advanced. He bowed and pulled forward a chair.

"My dear young lady," he commenced. "This is indeed a surprise and a pleasure. I expected——"

"To meet a man?" finished Virginia with her quick smile.

"Exactly. But to my infinite gratification I found that 'V. Landis' is a woman." It was a delicately expressed compliment, and Virginia bowed her appreciation. The other occupant said nothing. But Virginia noted that he continued to bore her with his steely eyes. She laid aside her manner and turned toward the Senator.

"I won't take your valuable time, Senator. As representative of Johnstone Markey I will be glad to know just why you wanted to see me."

The robust man now leaned forward. "Where is Markey?" he asked in a crisp tone.

Virginia turned toward him, her eyes focused upon his glittery orbs, and she experienced an uncomfortable thrill.

"He's doing his bit," she retorted shortly and turned immediately away. Somehow the man grated on her nerves.

She did not note the smile that flashed to the tight lips of J. Edw. Hurlburt, and as immediately passed away.

The Senator was speaking.

"Ever since Markey presented his remarkable plan, Miss Landis," he said, we have been thinking of it." He noted the eager look in her eyes, and went on hastily. "Not that we have decided to approve it, but perhaps to give it more consideration. That is why I asked him to come down again to see us."

Unconsciously Virginia turned toward the other man. She noted the look of apparent disinterest upon his face and something steeled her.

"Is he busy?" asked the Senator kindly.

"Very," replied Virginia. "He's learning the rudiments of warfare at Camp Upton."

The Senator gave a little start of surprise.

"Ah, so? I didn't think—well, and he has abandoned his plan then?"

There was a sound of footsteps and J. Edward Hurlburt stood close to the public servant. His eyes bored to those of the girl.

"No," flashed Virginia. "He has not given up the plan. On the contrary, he is going ahead with it—thru me."

"You?" gasped the Senator, clearly surprised.

"I'm going, Senator," broke in the snappy voice of Hurlburt. He cast a quick glance at Virginia and turned toward the door. "Good day, Miss Landis."

Virginia nodded coolly to him. The door slammed.

"A good man, but prone to forget that we are living in Washington and not in the forests," smiled the Senator, nodding toward the door. "But you say that you are going ahead with Markey's plan? Isn't that quite a task?"

"Perhaps," she replied spiritedly. "But Johnstone and myself are so certain." She gazed deep into the large eyes before her. They seemed to invite confidence. "Oh, Senator, if you only knew how absolutely certain I—we are that this will help overcome that dreadful submarine menace. Why, it's—it's got

(Continued on Page 25.)

TRAMPLED HEARTS

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By Margery Land May

Varick thought his troubles were about the worst in the world, but after he met the girl he discovered that they were only minor ills after all.

IT WAS at one of David Lelong's benefit concerts that Nugent Varick first spoke to her. He had given his own box seat to his cousin, Ethel Stanton, who was also his pal, and, in order to hear the young soldier-violinist play, he had been compelled to content himself with a 75 cent seat in the first row of Carnegie Hall's topmost gallery.

He discovered, when he had settled himself in his chair and was glancing about him, that she was occupying the seat next to him. He had, of course, seen her innumerable times, as she was one of his father's office force, but he had never spoken to her, because his own private office was across the hall from his father's, and there had never really been any necessity for exchanging of words with her. He remembered vaguely that her name was Richardson or something like it, at least, and so as he picked up the purse that had slipped from her lap and handed it to her, he nodded genially and said:

"Miss Richardson, isn't it?"

She dimpled and smiled the radiant smile, which he had noticed before and strangely enough resented, since his own heart had been far from happy during the last few months. Being miserable himself, it had been hard for him to understand how any one could manifest such sunny cheerfulness.

"You're almost right," she answered gaily. "Just drop the 'on' and you have it."

"Oh, it's Richards, is it?" he laughed. "Well, Miss Richards, I hardly expected to see you up here."

"But this is my camping ground. You're the one who doesn't belong. I've seen you lots of times in the boxes below, thru my opera-glasses, of course."

Varick leaned forward and looked down at the hundreds of people below them.

"Jove, it's pretty far down, isn't it, or rather we're pretty far up. I've never been up here before, but I didn't have any choice in the matter today. You see, this morning my cousin, Mrs. Stanton, 'phoned me to say that she simply had to hear old Davey play this afternoon, but when I tried to get her a ticket I discovered that the whole house had been sold out, all except the seat I'm occupying now, and so there was nothing to do but give her mine and take this one myself. I wouldn't think of disappointing her, she's such a bully sort, nor would I want to miss Davey myself," he explained.

Miss Richards leaned toward him a little breathlessly.

"You know him, then—Lelong, the great violinist?" she asked eagerly.

"Surest thing you know. Met him in Paris a number of years ago, and brought him over to visit me one summer. I haven't seen him for a long time, tho. He's been in the trenches, you see, fighting for France. Poor chap, they got him all right, the beastly Huns. You'll notice when he comes out on the stage that he limps pretty badly, and the worst part of it is that he always will. Rotten shame, I call it."

"Oh, but think how fortunate he is not to have had anything happen to his hands!" she said gently. "He still has his wonderful gift. Think how glorious it is that he can give these concerts for the benefit of those brave fellows fighting over there."

Varick shot her a quizzical glance, and then gave a little start as he suddenly awoke to the fact that she was pretty; very pretty, in fact, with her shimmering gold hair framing cheeks that were warmly flushed and eyes that held pools of light that were as blue as the vivid blueness of the wild lobelia.

"You always see things that way, don't you?" he remarked enigmatically.

"What way?" she asked, giving him her soft smile.

"Oh, the cheerful way. You always look on the bright side of things, don't you?"

"Do I? I didn't know."

But Varick didn't have time to answer her, for at that moment Lelong, with his violin under his arm, limped upon the stage, to be greeted by thunderous applause from the great audience awaiting him and the enchantment of his music. And then, when the noise had died away, stillness pervaded the vast hall, for Lelong, the great Lelong, who had shed his blood for France, was playing!

"Oh," breathed the girl at Varick's side when the violinist had limped off the stage after giving the first part of his program, "how wonderful he is. You know," she faltered, then went on shyly, "you know, when he stands there playing as if he were wringing music from the human heart, I seem to hear him saying, thru those pathetic notes from his violin, 'I have shed my blood for my country; now I am giving my soul. What, my people, will you give?'" She lifted tear-flushed eyes to Varick's and smiled tremulously.

"You're right," he answered slowly. He does seem to be saying just that, doesn't he? By the way, what was that last thing he played?"

The girl glanced at her program. "It's called 'Trampled Hearts,' and just think, Mr. Varick, it's one of his own compositions—here's a note at the foot of the page that says he composed it while on the battlefields."

Varick nodded. "Trampled hearts, trampled hearts," he muttered, more to himself than to her. "Jove, that hits me, all right. There's no doubt about my heart being trampled, I guess," he smiled whimsically.

A gentle hand flew to his arm. "Oh, I'm sorry—can't you—can't you forget her—and forgive?" she whispered.

Varick flushed and turned a pain-twisted face to hers. "You know"—he covered her hand with his—"you know about her, and—me—about our being engaged at the time she ran away with Lord Wing, the English officer?"

She withdrew her hand from his and drooped her head. "I shouldn't have said anything about it. I'm sorry. But you seemed so—so sad," she rushed on. "You always seem so sad when I see you about the office that I just couldn't help it—I forgot."

"Oh, that's all right. Every one knows about it," he laughed bitterly. "Our engagement had been announced, you see, and when she ran away like that, why the papers shrieked it in headlines. Not that I blame 'em. Dad's so well known, it was great meat for them; but then," he hesitated, "being turned down by the girl you've loved for years and years, the girl who has promised herself to you, isn't the easiest thing in the world to swallow, you know."

"Yes, I understand," she said. "But it must help a lot to know that she's happy with him; happier, perhaps, than she would have been with you."

"Oh, yes, that's some comfort, of course, tho it's comfort of a cold kind. Wing's a fine chap. It wasn't his fault. I found that out afterward. He met her at a Red Cross Bazaar. He was over here on a furlough, and she didn't tell him she was engaged. It was love at first sight—I guess you'd call it that—and she married him the week after she had met him, but I wasn't thinking about her when I said that about my heart being trampled." He smiled wryly. "What I was really thinking was that I'll never be able to serve my country like other boys are doing. And it's all account of my blamed heart."

"Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell really. When America declared war against Germany I was crazy to be in the swim, of course. I wanted to get a commission if I could, so I made my application for admission to the Plattsburg Camp, but when the doctors examined me they discovered that there was something the matter with my heart. Nothing particularly dangerous, they said, if I went on leading the life of a peaceful citizen. But—there's always a but, isn't there?—just let me be in France for a winter, in the mud, and cold, and rain—in the midst of the excitement and hardship of fighting the Huns, and I'll go out just like that." He snapped his fingers. "Just like a candle flame snuffs out when a strong breeze hits it. I didn't believe 'em, of course, and so I sent Dad trotting to Washington to see what he could do for me. Being a munitions manufacturer, he has a bit of pull there, and I thought that might pull me out, but," he shrugged his shoulders, "there wasn't a thing doing, tho they did offer me an assignment to the Quartermaster's department."

"And you didn't want it?"

He shook his head. "No, I decided that I could do more for Uncle Sam by staying here and helping Dad get out ammunition with which to wallop the Boches, and so here I am. But it makes me sick to think that I can't do a man's share in men's work. It isn't as if I were puny and weak. Here I've been playing polo and golf all my life. I'm as strong as a mule, and just because there's a silly little something the matter with my heart, I can't even pronounce the name of the animal," he grinned boyishly, "just because of that I've got to sit at home and watch other chaps marching off in khaki and leaving me behind garbed in citizens' wool."

She gazed at him soberly, at his six feet of taut muscle and brawn, at his clear, firm-textured skin, his dark, steady eyes, the black hair brushed so sleekly away from a fine forehead. She gazed at the correct, expensively tailored clothes, that hid the spare brawn strength of his body, and her woman's heart gave a little thrill at the sheer, clean manliness of him.

Her words, however, gave no inkling to her thoughts, for she said with comical gravity, "You do seem healthy."

He laughed. "Oh, I don't think there's any danger of my kicking off just yet, and that's what makes me so weary with the blamed medicos who turned me down. Think of all that's happening

over yonder, and here I sit with hands folded."

"Oh, but they're not folded," she protested. "You're always doing something, it seems to me. You belong to all the patriotic organizations. You've helped get up bazaars for the Red Cross; you've organized a Liberty Loan Club to help make the drive a success; you've——"

Again he put his hand over hers. "Hush," he interrupted her. "It's sweet of you to try to comfort me like that, tho the truth of the matter is that I haven't done a thing worth mentioning. We don't deserve any credit for backing up the boys who're fighting for our honor and the very life of our nation, in fact. If we people at home can't do our part we don't deserve the sacrifice of blood and youth those chaps are making over there in France."

"Yes, but——" she began, and then stopped, for again Lelong had come upon the stage. Again he was wringing from his violin the pathos and suffering of a soldier's heart.

And so they sat there, close in sympathy, two strangers who had suddenly become friends, until the last note from Lelong's violin had died away and people all about them were surging toward the exits. Together they walked down the long flight of stairs leading to the street. When they reached the lobby of the hall Varick turned to her, and, clasping her hand in his, said:

"I'm afraid I would have had a very lonely afternoon if it hadn't been for you. As it is, I've had a bully time. I do wish I could take you home, but I promised Mrs. Stanton I'd meet her after the concert and go to the Waldorf with her for tea. Won't you let me put you in a taxi?"

She shook her head. "No, that's good of you, but there's really no need of your doing it. I can walk up to the subway. You see," she smiled up at him brightly, "I live way out in Yonkers."

"Heavens, child, you don't live that far out, do you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. It's so much better for mother and the children—I've two little brothers, you know, and I like them to have a yard to play in. We rent a little house, and then, too, it's nice for mother to have a garden. She's an invalid, you know."

He looked down at her pityingly. "No, I didn't know—you poor kid, you. I guess the load you carry is pretty big for your shoulders." He hesitated, then added softly, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, but you mustn't be," she said hastily, "because I'm not. No load is heavy when there's love to make it light, and," she smiled happily, "you see, there's such a much love in my heart for——"

"I bet there is! You just look as if there were." He gave her hand a warm little squeeze. "Good-by, then. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-by," she walked a few paces from him, then turned and said, "You mustn't worry too much about things, Mr. Varick. I've found that—oh, I don't exactly know how to put it—but I've found that the world is pretty good to us if we'll only let it be, and that——" she blushed a lovely crimson, "and that it doesn't really trample our hearts if we try to be good soldiers."

Varick gazed down at her a moment before he whispered softly, "Thanks for that, and I'll try to remember to be a good soldier, the kind I believe you are. And don't forget I will see you tomorrow. I want to—the worst way." He flashed her a smile, then bowed and was gone.

And he did see her the next day. In the morning, when he reached his office, he stepped across the hall and stopped for a gay little chat at her desk; stopped long enough to catch the warmth of her smile and the glow of her eyes, a warmth and a glow which lifted the dull heaviness from his heart and sent him about his work cheerful, whistling. And then that afternoon at five, when the office closed, he waited for her and insisted that she let him drive her home in his car.

"But I am going to whizz you home," he told her laughingly. "I don't care how long it takes. I'll need all that time to beg your forgiveness for being such a whiner yesterday at the concert. You were a good little 'sport' to listen to me, but I'd hate to think me a quitter." He bundled her into the auto. "That's why I'm running away with you like this, so that I can tell you what a nice little boy I am."

But when they were seated in the car and were driving up Broadway, he did not talk of himself, but of her. He had done enough prattling about his woes, he said, now it was her turn. And so, bit by bit, during the long ride, he drew from her the simple little story that was hers. He thought it a pathetic little story, but he realized, from the happy, laughing way in which she told it, that here was a heart of sun, and that her eyes saw lights where others could glimpse only the shadows. She had lived on a farm in Pennsylvania until she was 9, and then, when her father died, she had been sent to Boston to be with relatives in order that she might go to school. For five years she had lived there, and then she had drifted about with her mother and her three brothers until the little family had at last settled down to grim, hard struggling existence in New York City.

Varick, listening to her as she bubbled on, felt a drawing at his throat. What did he, easily-lived, moneyed young aristocrat, know of the bare, stark realities of living as compared to the girl sitting beside him, he asked himself—he' who, because of two comparatively small disappointments that had come into his life, so glibly called his a "trampled heart?" How must he appear to this courageous little fighter, who, all unconscious of the fact that she was revealing to him the pathos of her struggles, rambled on in joyous mood, telling him of this experience and that? And the beauty of the whole thing was, that she had apparently never been the victim of self-pity. To her it had been great fun to save and scrape and deny herself in order that she might buy seats for herself and her little family for a Christmas Day performance of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Of course, they weren't very good seats," she told him with a merry gurgle of laughter. "They were way up in the family circle, but it was the first time we'd ever been able to hear opera, and it seemed like heaven to us. Farrar sang that day, I remember. She's wonderful, isn't she? And even from way up there," she made a high-flung gesture, "I could see that she was beautiful."

"Yes, she is beautiful," Varick murmured, and thought with a twinge of self-shame of the many times he had heard the great prima donna, from his father's box, had heard and seen her with never a thought of the hundreds of eager music-lovers, who had denied themselves in order that a pleasure, which to him was a matter of course, might be theirs. Thinking these things, he switched the subject abruptly, and blurted out in boyish rage at life as it is, not as it should be, "It's a shame!"

She looked at him in surprise. "What's a shame?" she asked.

"That some should have so much and others so little." He turned to her. "Haven't you any one to help you?" he demanded abruptly.

A look of pain shadowed her face. "Yes," she drooped her head and her long lashes touched her cheeks; "my brother Jim—the one that's older than I—helps me when he isn't," she hesitated, then finished weakly, "when he isn't sick." There was a pause, then, throwing back her head once more, she added brightly, "And then, too, mother has a tiny income. So you see how fortunate I am. So much more blessed than some of those poor people in war-stricken Europe, for instance. Whenever I get blue I think of them and am so ashamed of myself for the little grumblings that once in a while—not often, you understand—creep into my heart."

They had reached Yonkers and a few more blocks brought them to the Richards' tiny bungalow in Shady Lane. Varick brought the car to a stop and then jumping out helped her unwrap herself from the fur robe that he had tucked about her knees when they started.

"Won't you let me come in?" he asked, "I'd like to meet your mother if I may."

She said yes, and a moment later Varick was sitting beside the invalid mother talking to her with the open, boyish charm that was his in spite of his twenty-seven years, a charm which wealth and social prestige had never been able to dull.

"I haven't a mother myself," he said, as he arose to go a half hour later. "Mine died when I was a little shaver, and so I'm always glad to be friends with other people's mothers."

Mrs. Richards gave him a thin, sweet smile, and gazed up at him with eyes that looked as if they had seen pain. "You're a dear boy," she murmured softly, "a dear boy," and then, for some unknown reason, she sobbed, and Amalie—that was her daughter's name—took Varick by the arm guiding him toward the door.

"She's a bit nervous today. Pehaps you'd better go," she whispered.

Together they walked into the library, and then just as Varick was telling her good-by he divined the reason for her mother's tears. There lurching to and fro in the hall was a big, ungainly man, his face blotched and red, his hair unkempt—his eyes bleary. Staggering unsteadily, he entered the library.

"'Lo, sis," he said, "who's your frien'?"

Amalie shrank behind Varick's big frame. "This is Mr. Varick, Jim. My brother, Mr. Varick."

The two men clasped hands, and then with a few muttered words, Jim Richards lurched into his mother's room, closing the door behind him.

For a long moment, after he had gone, leaving behind him the pungent odor of whisky, Varick and Amalie stood gazing deeply into each other's eyes—saying nothing. Then all at once, Varick bent forward, and catching her hand in both of his brought it to his lips, and held it there.

"Good-by, little soldier, brave little soldier," he whispered, and then because he needed solitude in which to straighten his tangled thoughts, his mixed turbulent emotions, he hurried from her.

And all that sleepless night, the tune of Lelong's "Trampled Hearts" ran thru his head, and he thought of Amalie and the brother who helped her when he wasn't "sick."

After that Varick visited the little house in Shady Lane often. He brought with him flowers and fruit for the invalid mother, and candy and toys for Amalie's two small brothers. Then as time went on he won Jim's friendship and confidence and succeeded in getting him a good position, and after that Jim's periods of "sickness" came on him less often and finally stopped altogether He saw much of Amalie, too, both in and out of office hours, and finally persuaded his father to let him use her to help him in the work he was doing to establish recreation clubs for soldiers and sailors who drifted into New York on furloughs. It was zestful happy work in which Varick, inspired and aided by the cheerful persistency of the girl who labored with him, found forgetfulness, and balm for the heart that had kept him from doing "a man's share in men's work." They were good pals these two, and were seen much together—too much together, thought Ethel Stanton, who had matrimonial ambitions for "Nugie," and who, thinking propinquity dangerous, decided to warn him.

She tripped into his office one morning, before Amalie herself had arrived, and found Varick busy at his desk.

"What does this early visit mean?" he asked as he rose to greet her, "There's something in the air, I'll bet. What is it? A benefit theatrical for the Red Cross, or," he laughed, "a scolding?"

She cocked her head on one side, looking like a pretty, dressed-up little robin. "I'm afraid it's a scolding," she said in her chippy, sweet-noted voice.

"Well, let's have it. I'll promise to be good," he assured her.

Mrs. Stanton shook her head doubtingly. "Ah, but will you?"

"Try me out, and see," he suggested banteringly.

She reflected some seconds before she said frankly. "It's about that secretary person of yours, Miss Richards. You're with her a great deal, Nugie dear."

"Quite so," he replied, his jaw squaring into a firm line, "She's my right-hand man Friday. I couldn't get along without her. She's the brains and the heart of all this work I'm trying to do for the soldiers. Of course, I'm seen with her. Proud of it, too."

"The brains and the heart," she mused, "That's just it. Now if she were only the brains it might not be so bad, but when a woman gets to be the heart of anything, why it's time to be on one's guard."

Varick shot her a puzzled look; "I don't think I understand," he said coolly.

She laughed. "Of course you wouldn't, you innocent lamb, you—by" setting her cap for you."

"Nonsense, Ethel, that's absurd. She's too fine to be designing."

"That's just where you're wrong, Nugent," she said eagerly, "No woman is too fine to be designing where a good-looking man is concerned. Oh, yes, you are good-looking—dashingly so—and oh, so rich," she made a droll face and lifted her eyes heavenward. "Lots of m-o-n-e-y, dear boy, and oodles of social position. Quite eligible, and oh, such a catch for a poor working girl." Varick's fist came down on his desk with a thud. "Cut that please," he commanded.

Her hand stole to his arm. "But I won't. I consider it my duty to warn you, Nugent. That girl is dead in love with you. Yes, she is. I watched her the other night when you two were at the opera together, and oh, the look she gave you when your head was turned away. I tell you she adores you, and since, she isn't bad-looking—quite a little beauty with that way she has of lighting up when she smiles, I'm afraid she'll lead you to the altar if you're not careful. Anyway, it isn't good taste for a man to go out with his stenographer. People will talk, you know."

Just then there was a step in the small ante-room adjoining Varick's office, a step that Varick knew. Picking up Mrs. Stanton's gloves he handed them to her.

"Please go," he said, and then as he bowed her to the door, added harshly, "Thank you for the advice. You don't understand, that's all."

Mrs. Stanton frowned, started to speak but did not, for at that moment, Amalie Richards, entered the room, and with flushed cheeks and trembling hands began to straighten the papers on Varick's desk.

Mrs. Stanton shot her a swift, triumphant glance. "I guess," she remarked, with a meaning which was lost to Varick, "I've said all that is necessary. Good-by, Nugent, dear. Be a good boy."

"I will," he answered grimly, as he closed the door behind her, and turned to greet Amalie with his cheery "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," she murmured brokenly, and then throwing back her head in the proud, high-bred way that was characteristic of her, she said: "Mr. Varick, I'm sorry, but I'll be leaving you soon—today, in fact—I didn't know till just recently that I would have to go or I would have told you sooner." She spoke softly and her voice broke on words here and there.

Varick sprang toward her and grasped both of her wrists. "Amalie—what does

She Was Sitting on a Bench, Feeding Three Squirrels.

this mean—you can't go away like this. I won't let you. I need you here. I have to have you."

Before his steady gaze her eyes dropped. "Oh, please, don't make it any harder for me than it is. I have to go—I must."

"Has any one offered you more money—a better position? If that's the case, whatever you want you can have. Oh, Amalie," he brought her hand to his cheek and held it there, "don't!"

She shook her head and a sad little smile stirred her lips. "I must."

"Why—tell me why?"

"I'd rather not. There are reasons why I can't. Please don't ask me."

"But I will—I must know," his hands tightened about her wrists. "I won't let you go unless you tell me."

For a moment she hesitated, then, catching her upper lip between her small teeth, said, "I'm—going—I'm—going to be married."

Varick dropped her hands. His eyes closed. His face lost its color. He staggered back, and gripping the edge of the table with his hands, leaned against it heavily, his head bowed. "Oh," he whispered at last, "oh."

It was a month later that Varick took tea at Mrs. Stanton's apartment on Riverside Drive.

"So Miss Richards left you, did she?" that charming lady said to him. "I suppose she saw that there was really no chance of her carrying out her plans where you were concerned."

"Please stop that talk, Ethel," Varick interrupted. "It makes me—dislike you, and I don't want to do that."

She arched her brows in surprise. "Indeed!" Well, I must say, Nugent, I think you're most ungrateful. If it hadn't been for me, if that girl hadn't overheard what I said to you that morning, why, you and she would be honeymooning this very minute. You can't tell me anything about her kind."

But Varick was on his feet. "You mean" he broke in, "you mean—she overheard us talking that day. But that's impossible. She couldn't have."

"Why not? She was in that little anteroom all the time, and when she came into the office I saw tears in her eyes. It's not hard to put two and two together, Nugie. The fact that she left you that very day proves that she did hear us—and I'm glad she did. Now you can take some interest in girls of your own class."

"Listen, Ethel," Varick said, as he reached for his gloves and hat, "if what you say is true, if she did overhear us, I'll never forgive you." He walked toward the door, then turned and added angrily, "And compared to the girls you want me to know, compared to the flighty young things in your own class, as you call it—she's a pure gold where they're only dross. And now, I'm going to hunt for that girl, that designing girl, whom I love better than I do my own life—until I find her. And I'm going to find her, you can bet on that."

But he did not find her, for when he motored out to Yonkers he discovered that the Richards had moved from the little house in Shady Lane, and that a "To Let" sign was nailed on its door. But he did not give up hope. There was still Jim, her brother, from whom he could get news of her. Jumping into his car, he speeded back to the city, and down to the Singer Building, where Richards had been working but a month before. Again, however, he was disappointed, for Richards, so he was told, had resigned his position two weeks back. Good man, too, his employer added, they hated to lose him. No, they didn't have an idea as to his whereabouts—sorry not to be able to help Mr. Varick out. And then it was that Varick, utterly despairing of ever finding Amalie, felt the light go out of his life.

Six months passed. Varick, his world now a world of darkness, his heart now in truth a trampled heart, had, during this time, made two business trips to Paris, and was now back home again. With the remembrance of bits of her brave philosophy still warming his heart, he had flung himself into patriotic work with more than usual ardor. She had once told him to be a "good soldier." She had once expressed faith in him and his inherent manhood. He was trying to prove himself worthy of that confidence and that faith.

But the struggle wasn't easy. It was difficult to work in darkness, when his eyes had once seen the light. Would the light—his light—which shone in the golden hair and thru the violet eyes of the girl who had once labored beside him, ever come back into his life? He wondered, and kept groping, groping and hoping until he was almost wearied with the sheer hopelessness of it all. And then the light, his light, suddenly crept thru the darkness and shone upon him again.

He was cantering thru Central Park one Sunday morning in the late spring, accompanied by his groom, when he saw her. She was sitting on a bench, feeding two or three squirrels who scampered about her feet, and Varick noticed, with a knife-like thrust of pain, that she was thinner and that her dress was the dress of those who mourn.

Alighting from his mare, he flung his reins to the groom. "Take Babs to the stables, Jerry," he said, "I won't need her any more this morning." And then with rapid strides he crossed the path to the place where Amalie was sitting.

"Amalie!"

"Nugent!" Hands pressed to her heart, she sprang to her feet and faced him.

"Amalie, dear, why did you leave me like that? Oh, why did you?" All the pent-up anguish that his months of separation from her had caused him broke thru his voice.

Tears flushed like mist to her eyes.

"Don't—don't," was all she could say.

"But I must," he persisted. "Tell me what has happened to you—where have you been. What," he touched her black dress, "what does this mean—your mother?"

She nodded sadly. "She died the week after I left you. Poor dear. It was best that she should go—she suffered so!"

"And Jim—where is he? I looked everywhere for him, hoping to find you thru him. Where is he?"

She smiled a dim, faraway smile.

"'Lo, Sis," He Said, "Who's Your Friend?"

"Gone too," she said. "But, oh, so gloriously!"

"But I don't understand. Here, let's sit down and talk. There's so much I want to know and say. "And then when they were sitting side by side, he asked: "What about Jim? Where is he?"

"Jim? Where is he?" She turned to him a face aglow with the radiance of some inner light. "Where should he be but in Flanders' fields, fighting—coming into his own at last, God bless him!"

Varick leaned forward, taking her hands in his—stroking them as if they were precious flowers.

"My sweetheart, my dear! How could he have left you here to fight it all out alone!" he exclaimed, half angrily.

"Ah," she answered, "but you don't understand. Mother had died; we had decided to send the boys to relatives in Boston so that they could go to school; my salary had been raised and was adequate to support me. There was really no reason why he shouldn't enlist if he wanted to. And, oh, Nugent, he did want to." Her face lighted up with her almost blinding smile. Her hands came together in a gesture of intensity. "Think of the splendor of it—that Jim, poor, weak Jim, who felt himself such a failure, whose manhood had been almost defeated by vices, should now be playing the part of a soldier and a man. No, no, you mustn't blame him. I urged him to go, and," she lifted her eyes to the blue skies above them, "I am not sorry. Even," her voice sank, "if the worst came, if he was wounded or killed, I could never be sorry I encouraged him to go."

For a long while Varick sat gazing at her hungrily, tenderly. Then, "Amalie," he said, "why did you leave me like that? Was it because of something you overheard my cousin, Mrs. Stanton, saying to me?"

She avoided his eyes and slipped her hands away from the clasp of his.

He leaned toward her eagerly. "Tell me, Was it?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly, with eyes still averted. "It was, but," she talked rapidly, "even before that, Nugent, I realized that you and I were far apart. We belonged to a different class, you and I. Your people are not my—people—I——" she faltered and started to rise, but he drew her back.

"Listen," he said, "that's sweet nonsense, dear, and it isn't fair to me. Sure-ly you aren't going to let the silly prattling of a society butterfly like Edith come between you and me! I've been miserable without you; I've looked and searched everywhere. Why, Amalie, girl," his voice took on tenderness, "I love you!" He put a gentle hand beneath her chin and turned her face to his. "Dear?" he whispered, half-questioning.

Slowly her eyes lifted. Suddenly she stretched forth her hand and placed it over his heart.

"Nugent," she said, and something in her voice, in her eyes, in the caress of her touch, set him to exulting, "is your heart still a trampled one?"

His pressure on her arm tightened. "No, dear," he answered. "But it will be unless——" and he took her in his arms.

* * *

Surely It Was an Accident.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON was said to be not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded and would be unable to perform a certain duty.

"Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

Liked Her Job.

"NOBODY could possibly be as happy as you look," said the fat floorman, leaning over the desk of the freckled cashier inspector.

"Happy!" snapped the cashier inspector. "Happy! Where do you get that stuff? Cashier inspectors are never happy. We're always cross. We qualify for our jobs because we can bawl more people out in half a minute than most people can squelch in two days. Happy! I'm as happy as a German Hun is when a trench caves in on him. You can't kid me. 'Keep smiling' may be a good motto for a dame with a soft job, but it wouldn't work in this business. If I let a bunch of brainless salesgirls put over a single mistake I'm liable to get fired. Salesgirls are all boneheads, the same as cashier inspectors are all crabs."

She interrupted herself to speak to one of the girls.

"Twenty-seven, Twenty-seven! Who is number twenty-seven? Miss Frizzletop, it's you, isn't it? Come here! Come here! Where is the amount of money received on this check? Over in Europe fighting for its country, I suppose. Yellow hair must grow on stone. I never saw a blonde yet that knew anything at all. Here! Give it to me. I'll fix it for you this time, but next time you do a thing like that I'm going to report you."

The floorman winked. "Isn't she the amiable Jane, tho?"

"Yes, I'm not," said the cashier inspector flatly. "I don't pretend to be amiable, and I know I'm not amiable." She sniffed and threw down a package she had just wrapped. "Why, this job is enough to make anybody found a home for incurable glooms. If they put slackers in cashier inspectors' jobs instead of sending them to prison the poor boobs would yell to be taken to a trench." She took up a check and looked it over critically.

"That blonde will be the death of me yet. Miss Frizzletop! Will you kindly look that check in the face again? Look at it. Did you ever hear that you are supposed to number every check you make out? What is the idea? Are you trying to conceal your identity from me? You can't evade the draft. Next time you do that I am going to report you."

"She won't report you, Cutey," said the fat floorman to the salesgirl. "Let her rave! She's the best scout in the world."

"I'm not the best scout in the world," said the cashier inspector. "I'd like to see any one hold down this job and be a good scout! Why, if I could get a job digging sewers I'd quit this place tomorrow."

The floorman shifted his weight and leaned on the other elbow. "You sure are the merry little dame," he said.

"I'm as merry as the Kaiser will be on judgment day. That's how jolly I am. I get so sick of wrappiflg up packages and counting out change that I really believe I'd enjoy being murdered or drafted into a hospital for the criminally insane."

The floorman laughed. "If you feel like that about it, I'll see that you get fired immediately. You could easily get a job being a conductorette or a cost driverette, since the Crowder order. I'll see about getting you transferred to driving an elevator tomorrow."

"You attend to your own business, said the cashier inspector. "Who pays you to stand around and talk to me, anyway?"

* * *

He Worked There.

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, the well known journalist, was once asked to write a character sketch of Lord Northcliffe. In a letter he requested a special interview and the famous newspaper proprietor sent him the following reply:

"I am sorry, but I must ask you to excuse me from acceding to your request. I am like the little boy at a school treat who, when the squire's wife came around to him and asked him if he would like some strawberry jam, promptly replied, 'No, thank you, marm. I works at the place where they makes it.'"

* * *

A New One Now and Then.

THE little town was all excitement. The circus had arrived. The chief attraction of the circus was the cage in which the lion lay down with the lamb. An old gentleman started asking the proprietor questions.

"Do those two never quarrel?" he asked.

"Well," admitted the proprietor, "they are not always peaceful. Sometimes they have a bit of a scrap."

"And then?"

"Oh, then," said the proprietor, "we generally 'as to buy another lamb!"

* * *

He Didn't Know.

"CHARLEY, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins, "that young man in the bureau of information wouldn't answer a single question I asked him this morning."

"Whaddidgy ask him?"

"I asked him how long the Government will operate the railroads and whether trains will run any faster and fares be any cheaper. All he would say was that he didn't know. I believe that young man is being censored."

Thrills and Mystery Aplenty Abound in the Second Installment of

IN THE WERE-WOLF'S CLAWS

By Edward B. Waterworth

What Has Gone Before

THE natives of a far-off section of Ontario have been terrorized by some creature which murders human beings during the dark of night. What it is, is hard to tell. Superstition claims it to be the Were-wolf, a half human, half wolfish creature. A quartet of newspaper men are assigned to cover the story. When they, Steve Brady, George Thompson, John Emmett and Eric Swanson, reach the out-of-the-way settlement, they find the inhabitants in a state of panic. A newspaper woman, Nora Westemonde, and her chaperone, Mrs. Lawson, accompany the men to Brandt's home where the apparition was first seen.

The earlier chapters of this story can be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, newsdealers or thru this office. The story began in Number 34, the Ledger, dated August 24.

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CHAPTER IV.

THEY ARRIVE AT THE DESERTED MANSION.

IT WAS late that afternoon when the party arrived at the big estate owned by Brandt. For the last mile they had been driving thru row after row of young trees, planted thickly on either side of the road, which the driver briefly explained were the forestry nurseries of the owner.

"He's been importing some of the foreign kinds of trees," he said, "and he's going to try them out."

Nora Westemonde, gazing at the dense mass of shrubbery presented by the young trees, most of which still kept their leaves in spite of the lateness of the year, turned to Thompson with a half-whispered comment.

"Doesn't it look desperately dismal?" she said. "Brandt has brought the spirit of the Black Forest over here with those trees. Do you recall the legends about the Forest we read as children? And now, in a civilized age, we've found the same old superstition over here."

"I reckon we'll have to wait for Swanson to get here," said Brady.

But he miscalculated the powers of a Mackinaw boat under a high wind. Long before they reached the drive, which led to the front of the mansion, they could see Swanson below them on the stone breakwater. He was supervising the unloading of the boat, and Brady smiled with approval at the sight.

It was only a short journey before they reached the main drive. The party glanced around with curiosity, inspecting the premises which were to be their quarters for the time. All around the place was evidence of the hurried fashion in which the caretakers had left, and Mrs. Lawson snorted indignantly as she looked at the grounds. Before them was a mansion, evidently containing at least twenty rooms, but built, like most cottages for the "resorters," of wood. The rear and side windows, that could be seen on their approach, were closed with the heavy wooden shutters used to protect the glass in winter. But the housekeeper gave a shriek of indignation when she saw one large, heavily boarded piece of framework lying on the brown lawn.

"That Respey's no good," she said. "That's the shutter for the front window. Why, that window cost so much that I can't say it! And he's run away leavin' it uncovered."

The newspaper contingent smiled hopefully. This was beginning to look as if there was something in the air for them.

When the guardian of a post such as he had, which showed every mark of affluence and would undoubtedly have been classified as a "soft place to work at by any caretaker," as Brady put it, left his post, some news must be afloat. As they drove slowly around the narrow road which led to the front of the big house, Nora could not repress an exclamation of delight.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried.

In spite of the unfinished condition of the place, due to work having been abandoned both in the nursery and on the buildings in the rear of the structure, the big house, painted dark red, with its gables of a rich brown, looked very inviting. Its immense front window was unshuttered, and this, combined with the fact that the other windows were mostly covered with the heavy wooden shields, made the building itself seem somewhat desolate. But nothing could offset the natural beauty of the scenery. Nearly one hundred feet below them, over a sheer bluff down which a flight of steps had been built, lay the lake, the artificial breakwater of bowlders on which Swanson was at work in no way marring the view. To the north, a long expanse of rolling waters could be seen. Slightly to the south, the lighthouse on one of the smaller isles could be discerned. The face of the bluff, left in its natural tangle of underbrush and thickets of sumach and wild cherry, was of a warm brown hue, relieved here and there by a splash of brilliant red, where some of the leaves were turning earliest to their autumn hue. All over the place hung the scent of the stunted firs, and pines were clustered in a network along the declivity, until not a spot of soil could be seen. The white stems of the birches, evidently carefully planted around the house for ornament, made a welcome break in the color scheme, which did not seem somber despite its dark shading, while behind them waved the grove of young maples, which was the variety of trees selected by the owner to be planted nearest the residence. Over it all blew the crisp breeze —a breeze just tinged with a hint of winter, but still simply a tonic in the sunlight. All knew it would be chill after dark, but, to their lungs, accustomed to the air of the city, it was a nectar. When they alighted before the big porch, not even the desolate appearance which always attaches to a vacant house could spoil their appreciation.

Mrs. Lawson promptly opened a side door and ushered them in.

"I've got keys to all the doors," she said, "and even if the place had been closed," she said, with an air of pride, "that's the handsomest room in this part of Ontario."

"I believe you are right," said Emmett thoughtfully.

The entire lower floor had been practically taken up for one vast room. At the end was a long gallery, extending directly across the room, which was reached by a flight of stairs at one end and from which, at the opposite extremity, another flight led to the upper story. Windows were on every side, but most of these were heavily shuttered, just as Respey had abandoned his work when he became infected with the common fear that was spreading thru the neighborhood. The heavy rug still lay on the waxed floor. The piano, a slight cloud of dust marring its veneer, stood silent under the gallery. At one side, a small dining-room led to a passage into the nether regions of the house.

"The kitchen's back there," said Mrs. Lawson, with an air of proprietorship. "Mr. Brandt wanted it as far away from the main room as possible. You see how this house is built. It's like a sort of horseshoe."

Altho her description was vague, the others understood. From either side of the house two wings were extended back into what seemed to be the gardens of the establishment, projecting directly behind the structure. The front room practically filled the entire lower portion of the house which fronted the lake. And the view from the window was so magnificent that even the quiet Emmett whistled.

"It's the greatest I ever saw," he said simply.

"Wait till we take some of these shutters off and I'll get the close air out of here and the place readied up," said Mrs. Lawson, stirring busily about the place with the outraged dignity of the housekeeper who had found things in chaotic condition, "I'll show you how much better it can look."

"It's beautiful now," said Nora.

Thompson, who had been peering thru his spectacles at the bookcases let into the walls, their leaded Gothic windows in perfect keeping with the general atmosphere of the room, under whose ceiling antique lamps depended from every beam, nodded in genuine enthusiasm.

"Here's one of the best illustrated and typographically most perfect editions of Shakespeare ever put out," he said. "Why, that set's worth——"

He was interrupted by the noisy advent of Brady and Swanson. The Norse blood in Swanson was showing. The battle against the waves, as the speedy Mackinaw had slipped thru the lake, had brought color into his cheek and the twang of the air was in his blood.

"I'm pleased with this assignment," he said, his blue eyes sparkling and a broad smile on his face, "but I can't get those Indians to stick."

"What's become of our driver?" asked Emmett in perplexity.

In fact, the man was nowhere to be seen. Only in the still air of the place the faint gritting of the wheels thru the sand could be heard as he hurriedly departed down the grove of young maples. Their saddle horses were tied to a tree and Thompson walked over to care for them.

"I reckon he's going back to that place he spoke of," said Emmett; "but after driving thirty miles he ought to give those horses a rest. He says he's got to go back ten miles."

Swanson, who had just climbed the bluff again with the last sack of provisions over his shoulder, silently pointed to the lakes. The Mackinaw boat was sailing away from the breakwater, the halfbreed boatman drawing up the jib and putting on all sail.

"There's something in this story, after all," said Brady, "for I know breeds."

Beyond nods of agreement no sign was given by the others. But all set to work with a will to make the place fit for their use.

"There's no use taking off the upper shutters," announced Mrs. Lawson, "unless you want to use the rooms. I'll do all the cooking back here in the kitchen, and I reckon you ain't particular where it's served. You might eat just there. I was thinkin' of takin' the two adjoining rooms upstairs for the young lady and myself. But I don't see no use in takin' down all the shutters if you're goin' to leave in a few days, maybe."

"It's all in your hands, Mrs. Lawson," said Brady cheerfully. "Now let's get supper."

It was their first night in the wilderness, and also their first break from the regular routine of newspaper work in many weeks. The supper was prepared by all to the accompaniment of uproarious mirth. Brady was sent to bring in wood from the large pile stored in the barn and a roaring fire was soon blazing in the big brick hearth, the chill air making it acceptable. Mrs. Lawson, aided by Nora, opened the assortment of provisions bought by Brady, shrieking with laughter over the assortment.

"It's a good thing there's plenty of supplies left in the place," remarked Mrs. Lawson, as she went thru the cupboards with a practical hand. "There's a lot of those things the ladies used for their Welsh rarebit suppers here. We'd have a nice time living off canned lobster and bottled pickles, like you bought, Mr. Brady."

But even the informal nature of the meal was in keeping with the situation and all ate heartily.

"It's a good thing some coal oil was left here," said Thompson. "I overlooked that in my purchase. Of course, there's no electricity up here. But we may need a lantern if the Were-wolf gets to prowling around."

When Mrs. Lawson proposed making a Welsh rarebit, all looked at each other and smiled.

"It's just 9 o'clock," said Thompson, after the light meal, "but I'm ready for bed."

Nora Westemonde turned as she reached the gallery above them and smiled at the men below.

"How long has it been since any of us has been in bed at 9 o'clock before?" she asked, shading the candle she carried with her hand, the faint light and the red glow of the fire below bringing out the brown hair and clear-cut profile in deep relief against the shuttered window behind her.

"I haven't been to bed before 4 in the morning for a dozen years," said Swanson thoughtfully. "Still," he added, as he bowed good-night to the slender figure above him, "even tho we may get

Swanson Already Was Shaking the Man in Angry Impatience.

some unpleasant surprises, I like this assignment."

CHAPTER V.

THE CHINESE ARE VISITED.

THERE was no delay in getting to sleep that night. The very stillness of the northern air, broken only by the rustling of the wind thru the surrounding trees and the dull sound of the lake from below the bluff, where the waves beat steadily on the shore, making a muffled boom, was enough in itself to insure slumber. In one of the wings of the first floor, Thompson and Emmett chose a room with two beds, and within a few minutes after rolling between the covers they were asleep. Swanson chose a small apartment on the opposite side of the house with a luxurious lounge therein, and, after being plentifully supplied by Mrs. Lawson with the necessary bedclothing, arranged a rough and ready couch for the night and lay gazing out for a time over the lake. He had selected the room because of its magnificent view, in preference to taking one of the bedrooms, and the big leather lounge on which he stretched himself, to gaze out upon the water silvered by moonlight, was extremely comfortable. Years before he could recollect some such scenes in his native land, and it was while thinking of these that he finally drifted away into slumber.

Brady remained awake the longest. Like Swanson, he had decided not to choose one of the bedrooms wherein to sleep. But he picked for his place of rest the big sofa which stood under the gallery of the main room. Here he could look on the broad expanse of moon-washed waters, and could also watch the dull embers of the big fire as they slowly faded and passed away. He placed his revolver beneath his pillow and advised his companions to do the same.

"If anything really is trying to work a bluff game up here, let's be prepared for it," he said.

But, altho he had intended to sleep lightly, keeping a sort of guard over the entry to the stairway, he soon fell asleep. And it was Thompson who awoke him the next morning. Thompson was attired in a bathrobe, and his usually pale face was glowing with exercise and his hair wet from the effects of a dip in the cold water.

"Just went down to have a plunge," he said, "and the lake isn't lukewarm by any means at this season of the year. Better get up, Steve, and get those bedclothes out of the way before Mrs. Lawson and Miss Westemonde come down."

"I'm going to take a dip myself," said Brady, rising and yawning, "but I'm not going to take it in that cold lake. Isn't that bathroom working back there?"

"No pressure in the pipes," said Thompson. "Brandt used to fill the tank back there by a gas engine on the dock that pumped up the water. It's locked in a shed and I guess Mrs. Lawson has keys, but I don't know how to run the thing. I tell you what to do. Take one of those new washtubs out on the back porch and fill it with water from that artesian well."

This substitute for a bath, during which Brady loudly anathematized the extreme coldness of the artesian well, whose flow evidently came from the bluff still higher than their own site and behind them, was one of the many makeshifts they realized they would have to endure before they left. By the time Nora was downstairs, the men had all dressed and with plenty of jollity proceeded to attend to their breakfast.

"Somebody will have to carry in all the water for Miss Westemonde and Mrs. Lawson," said Swanson, "and another of us will have to take care of bringing in the wood."

"We haven't any milk except this condensed stuff," announced Mrs. Lawson from the kitchen.

Their first caller arrived at this moment in the shape of a bronzed and mounted deputy sheriff, who came slowly trotting down the long stretch of trees and who willingly accepted their invitation to stay and eat breakfast. He introduced himself as Morton. Also he talked of what he knew about their mission, which was not much. It was evident from his tone that he disbelieved the whole matter.

"I don't pay much attention to what those Indians say," he remarked, making a vigorous onslaught on the bacon, "still, we can't just size up this deal. But how are you people goin' to set about finding out anything?"

"That what we'll have to decide today," said Swanson. "About the only way I can see is to divide the territory up among us and cover a certain part each day. We can come back here and report. Then, if anything worth while sending comes in, one of us can make the trip to Iroquois and put it on the wire. It's a long horseback ride—but the man doing it needn't come back that same night. Then, if something turns up while he's away, another can ride in, and so on."

After much debate it was decided to do this, and the meal was ended in laughter over the deficiencies of their menage.

"You say you've only got condensed milk," the deputy said. "Why not ride up with me and see if this Chink, who's up to the north of you, can supply you? He's got some cows, I know."

The men exchanged glances.

"We've got to get in touch with every one in this district," Brady replied. "Maybe, they'll keep us posted. Tell us something about this Chinaman."

"All I know is that he came here last spring and bought a tract of land up there. He's got another one with him. They've never disturbed anybody. There's nothing to that talk of their putting up a scare to buy more land when the Indians stampeded. They haven't bought another inch. They've got all they can handle. And," he added with the enthusiasm of a countryman overseeing some fine piece of work in his own line, "They surely have done good hustling for two of them. That's as good land as you can get anywhere for berry bushes. Of course, it's far from Iroquois to work up a market. But it's right on the lake. Just above us you'll see that point sticking out. It's a first class harbor. Lots of the Indians sail in with their Mackinaws, the women pick the wild raspberries, then they sail back to Iroquois and sell them. The Chinks counted on doing the same thing, they tell me. And they'll beat the berry-pickers if they keep on cultivating land the way they do. Why, that old farm they bought was all stump land with second growth timber on it. The way they've cleared it is something wonderful for just two men. The land didn't cost much. They have one tract cleaned out in as neat a style as you ever saw. The old Indian who sold it to them had let a cornfield he planted last spring all grow up in weeds. Take a look at the corn if you're goin' up. It's as nice a set of shocks as you ever saw. They worked it over and got the field into shape."

"Aren't they overlooking a bet in not buying more land during this rush of the Indians away from their places?" asked Brady.

"First thing I asked the Chink when I saw him last," grinned the deputy, "but the pair of them don't want any more land. They've got all they can clear and more. It's no joke getting those stumps out, I can tell you. As I said before, how two of them ever did it beats me. Yet it don't show on them. When the boss of the ranch drives down either to Cross Village or maybe Iroquois he's always neat and clean. Pays cash for everything—draws it out of the bank when he goes to Iroquois. They're regarded as first-class customers by the storekeepers."

It was decided that Brady should go over with the deputy and visit the Oriental with a possible view to purchasing milk each day.

"He's got horses and I reckon he'll deliver it for you if you can strike a trade," said the deputy, rising with the satisfied expression of a man who has eaten bountifully. "They're only about three miles from here, I reckon."

"The only thing we can do," said Swanson, "is to map out the country right now and each cover a different route thru the woods. I'll ride over tomorrow, after Brady gets acquainted with the Chink up there and give him the glad hand myself. I'll ride down toward Cross Village. Thompson, suppose you strike out in the woods just west of us here. It's the wildest and looks most promising. Steve can go up beyond the residence of the Heathen Chinee and look over the woods there. I expect we'll find a deputy or two riding about?"

"Yes," said the deputy, "but they all know you're here. They'll help you out all they can. But I don't just know what you can find," he added with a grin, repeating his disbelief in the story and then confiding in the party that the young countrymen engaged as deputies were making the occasion more of a frolic thru the woods than anything else.

"The sheriff keeps us covering the territory pretty well," he said, "but would you want anything softer than knockin' off work and ridin' around in the open this time of the year?"

Their horses were found peacefully grazing in the inclosed lot behind the house, which Mrs. Lawson explained had been intended to be turned into the family kitchen garden the next year, and Thompson led Nora's bay horse to the steps of the porch.

"Get right on," he said, "and take a ride with me."

"Surely not," cried Brady, "come on over and see our nearest neighbor with almond eyes. He's the interesting feature."

"Better go down toward the village with me," said Swanson hastily. "It's a beautiful view along the bluff."

It was Nora who settled the dispute which instantly arose by deciding to go with Thompson. She realized that she ought not to go alone thru the woods.

"I think you've got the route where we're more apt to pick up this matter," she said. "We ought to be back before 2 o'clock if we are to compare notes and get to the wire in time."

"We ought to have brought an auto," remarked Brady in an amused tone to Morton, as he noted the calm lethargy of the animal he was to ride. "That horse looks as if he isn't awake now."

But the application of a stout switch cut from the nearest birch proved effective in making the horse move less leisurely, and Brady thoroly enjoyed the ride thru the woods sniffing at the odor of the leaves now commencing to fall, and the clean, spicy smell in the crisp morning air. When a stretch of the pines would be reached, the odor of their needles filled the air. As the deputy had said, it was indeed worth while to be riding under such conditions.

It was a ride of four or five miles as Brady estimated it before they finally turned into the side road which led back toward the lake from which they had been gradually drawing away on the main track. With the usual liberality of the countryman in the matter of distances, the deputy had allowed a good addition to every mile. But Brady would not have cared if it had been twice as far. The thrill of the air had got into his veins, and he whistled and hummed to himself as he rode along, the deputy quietly sucking away at his blackened pipe.

"Emmett will miss it unless he gets out and hustles about a bit," Brady remarked. "He said he wasn't going to do anything but loaf on that front porch and watch the lake until Thompson told him he needed his services."

Morton nodded. "You folks from the city," he remarked, "I guess are mighty glad to get away for a rest once in a while; but, see here," he added, pointing to a clearing which broke suddenly on their view "could you think two men could do that in one summer?"

They could see the contrast to the rough and deserted fields, scattered thinly thru the woods thru which they had been passing. The house, a simple structure, faced the lake, and they were approaching from the rear. But about it was an expanse of land, showing a neatness and care that one of the tangled little places they had left behind them displayed. Even from their present distance Brady noted the careful fashion in which the fall yield of corn had been piled in shocks, how a large tract evidently meant for garden purposes had been fertilized and harrowed, and the stumps carefully cleared from an additional field now being used as a pasture.

"There's their cows," remarked Brady's companion. "See how sleek they look, too?" They haven't got started on their market work yet. They're goin' to raise vegetables next spring besides the berries I was telling you about."

It was a ride of nearly a quarter of a mile thru the field, and the deputy pointed out some long, low structures, barely projecting above the ground, which were close against the rear of the house.

"Mushroom cellars," he explained. "They're goin' to try that, too. I told them that it was too cold here. He said not. The Chinaman declared they had to be raised in the dark, in special beds."

As the reporter drew near the house a slender figure, clad in American garb, stepped out on the porch, bowing in recognition at the deputy but glancing at Brady in a curt fashion, his eyes slinking narrowly into an expression in which the reporter thought there was something vaguely hostile. But his words were courteous enough and couched in clear English, with a slight accent.

"So you're a reporter," he said with a faint smile. "Well, nothing has frightened us out yet. Yes," he added, as he noted his visitors eyeing him curiously, "I've cut off my queue and taken up what we call the Melican clothes. I worked in a chop suey place for a couple of years as waiter. Newspapermen used to eat there."

He made no effort to move nor did he ask them to alight. He simply stood before them on the porch, glancing from one to the other with quick, catlike flashes of his eyes, altho the same steady smile was always on his face.

"There's nothing unusual in our being here," he said, in reply to a question from Brady. "We simply got a chance to get this land cheap. We're going to ship when we get our gardens started. It's fine soil."

Even when the deputy broke into lavish praise of the work done on the place, exclaiming that it was the quickest clearing up of a tract of which he had ever heard, the Chinaman never changed expression at his compliments.

"We'd buy more land—me and Wah Tow, my partner—Chinaman work hard. But we've got no more money," he said simply.

To Brady's request for milk he smiled politely and declined.

"We've got a contract in Toronto for all the cheese we can make," he said. And in spite of Brady's explanation of the needs of the situation and the added requests of Morton, he remained obdurate. It was with some irritation, therefore that the pair rode back thru the lane to the main road. When they reached it, Morton pulled up.

"I'm going a couple of miles north to report to the sheriff," he said. "Want to go along or ride over this section?"

Brady decided to make himself familiar with the neighboring woods before leaving the district, and Morton wheeled his horse northward.

"Don't go too far from the road and you won't get lost," he said. "I'm going to borrow a fresh horse from a friend of mine up here and I'll be back your way this evenin'. Maybe I'll stop in."

"Do," said Brady cordially, "we will be glad to see you."

It was close to 2 o'clock, after a long and searching prowl thru the woods, where he had to keep avoiding the overhanging branches of the trees by bending low in his saddle, that Brady returned to the house. For the last mile of his journey he had been reflecting thoughtfully and riding at a slow walk. Swanson was already at the house when he reached it.

"Couldn't find anything," said Swanson, "and from the way you come riding up here I see you didn't either."

"Eric," said Brady, without replying to the question, "are you going over to see that Chink tomorrow?"

"I intended to," replied Swanson.

"Well, notice one peculiar thing about him," said Brady, still thoughtfully. "He and one assistant are supposed to have cleaned up an entire tract, which astonishes even the farmers. To root up those tree stumps is about the hardest kind of manual labor. Yet I saw his hands as he rested them on the rail. They are soft, and the nails are very well kept."

OUR FLAG

High on the flagstaff against the skies,
Cherished by clouds which the sun shines thru,
Daughter of Heaven, our dear flag flies
(With Heaven's own stars and Heaven's own blue)
In a shaft of light I think must be
God's smile on its pledge to humanity.

Low on the cottage porch it floats,
A tiny cot, built for two—or three—
Where beside it another flag denotes
That household's deep sincerity—
A smaller flag with a single star
Which tells of a patriot gone to war.

High in the Heavens or close at hand
It is in its place, that flag we love—
In reach of the humblest in our land
Or lifting our eyes to the skies above.
For it has ever for justice stood
In the sight of men and the sight of God.

—LEE SHIPPEY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HORRIBLE THING APPEARS.

IT WAS scarcely half an hour before Thompson and Nora were seen cantering down the road to the house and laughingly confessed that they, too, had found nothing of note, but that they had encountered the sheriff and had found him affable.

"He's a big genial fellow," said Nora, "and we invited him to pay us a call. He said he might drop over tomorrow. His men are a few miles above this place, it seems. They have gone over this district pretty thoroly."

"Well, there'll be some talk about soft assignments at the other end of several telegraph wires tonight," said Brady.

Mrs. Lawson had an bountiful a spread awaiting them as could be wished.

"What do you think of that Chink?" asked Mrs. Lawson in an exasperated tone, for Brady had reported his failure.

"I'm going over to meet the gent tomorrow," said Swanson. "Maybe I can

threw a line of talk into him that will make him change his mind about giving us milk. But, even if we've got nothing to write, I think one of us had better ride to Iroquois tonight and see if there are messages for any of us. The offices may have found out that the whole thing is a hoax sent out from some other district of the county.

"I'll ride down and stay overnight," said Brady. "What's worrying me is how fat Emmett is bound to get. He tells me he just sprawled on the porch all day long."

"That's what I intend to keep on doing," said the photographer placidly, helping himself to more canned peaches. "I lay in that big rocking chair all day watching the lake. It's up to you fellows to locate this beast I'm to photograph, and then I'll get busy."

A dispatch was prepared for each paper and consigned to Brady, who shortly took his departure. After a vain effort to induce Emmett to make up a four-handed set for tennis, on the cinder court behind the house, Nora alternated thruout the greater part of the afternoon in playing with Thompson and Swanson. The younger members of the Brandt family had left their equipment behind and the temperature was ideal for the game. The grounds, which had been deserted the previous day, now resounded with laughter and the sound of the balls as they thudded about the court, each player making remarks meant to be humorously satirical on the lack of skill shown by the others.

"Isn't it glorious up here?" cried Nora, panting, as she rested from one set, her brown hair blowing about her face. "We can even get a lot of golf clubs out of the cuddy under the hall. It's just right for golf. And even if Mr. Brandt didn't have time to put in his links we can make a little one for ourselves."

In spite of their recent meal the exercise of the afternoon had made them all hungry, even Emmett doing full justice to the spread when they gathered around the lamp-lighted table. Nora had lighted the big piano lamps and these swung from the rafters, and the soft lights thrown by their tinted shades, combined with the ruddy glow of the fire, made the room as cozy a place as could be found.

"I guess that wind sounds weird enough when one is alone in the dark woods on a night like this," said Swanson, glancing out at the clouds which were commencing to scud slowly across the moon. "We're going to have rain soon. Inside here the mere moaning of that wind makes one feel better."

Cards and music made the time pass swiftly, and it was only as it became more and more impossible to stifle their yawns that they finally looked at each other and laughed.

"Can't help it if it is only eight-thirty," said Emmett, "I admit I'm tired. I'd like to get to bed and I think I'll turn in."

"I'm right about the rain being on the way," said Swanson, pointing out of the window. "See those clouds up there?"

When they had first seated themselves the sky had been illumined by a moon so brilliant that it seemed as if it was shining down from some huge reflector set in the center of a vast mirror in which the stars were dimmed and shone but faintly. Now, hurrying down on the wind, came clouds—not heavy but in small groups—one of which passed over the face of the orb, showing a significant face of black as it crossed. Swanson walked to the front window and looked out.

"Many's the time I've seen it just this way across the water," he said.

"Well," said Emmett, yawning, refusing to be enthusiastic, "I'm going to ——"

But Swanson, who had stepped to the door and opened it to get a farewell breath of the cool night air, suddenly turned sharply.

"Hush! What's that?" he exclaimed.

With one accord they stepped hurriedly toward the door. Over the noise of the breeze a sound came to their ears which was not of the night—a dull thudding for which they could not account. Then, as a gust of fitful wind died down to almost a complete calm, the sound changed suddenly to a furious but distant rattle. The party glanced at each other with wide open eyes.

"It's a galloping horse and he turned from the road on to that gravel drive," said Swanson calmly, his hand behind the door and grasping Thompson's rifle which stood there, "and he's coming his hardest."

"Oh, is it—is it—oh, do you suppose it can be Mr. Brady?" gasped Nora.

The same thought had struck them all, and Swanson's jaw closed grimly as he stepped to the porch where he could see more clearly. "If it's Brady——" he muttered.

All the party had left their weapons lying on the lounge where Brady had slept, and they slipped quickly back and got them.

"Stand back from the door, Miss Westmonde and Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson, then he stepped outside into the shadow beside Swanson.

But the desperately flying hoofs were already thundering up the drive to the house door, and as the furiously ridden and exhausted horse dashed out into the circle of fitful moonlight with a figure crouched on its back, all with a gasp of relief, saw that the animal was dark in color, while Brady had departed on his gray.

There was no time for thought, however. Ridden to the very foot of the stairs leading to the porch at such a gait that it could not stop but slid with a crash into the portico, the animal was unable to keep its feet and rolled over with a snort. And at the same minute, as if impelled by some violent force from the fear, the figure on its back sprang erect and fairly hurtled up the steps—only to be met by the tall frame of Swanson, who, with the muzzle of his rifle advanced and his finger on the trigger, propped off the impact with ease, his heavy body hardly quivering under the collision which sent the form down gasping.

"Cover him with your gun," said Swanson calmly, handing the weapon behind him to where Thompson, slipping his pistol into his pocket, grasped it, "let's look at our guest."

But he had hardly placed a hand on the collar of the man, who lay half way in the shadows, then he started back with astonishment.

"Why, it's Morton!" he cried. "Speak up, man! What's the matter? Hurry up and tell us."

But, gasping from his flight and the shock of dashing against the muzzle of the rifle, the deputy could only sob excitedly

"Oh, let me in, let me in! I've seen it —is that it?" and with a hysterical hand pointed at the roadway he whimpered like a child. His big countryman's frame was shaking as tho he had palsy, and in the light from the window it could be seen that it was bathed in sweat, in spite of the chill of the night, while the corners of his mouth jerked convulsively.

"Emmett, stay with the women," ordered Swanson, jerking the rifle from Thompson's hand and leaping over the railing of the porch, "if anything is there——" His voice died away in the crunching of his shoes on the gravel walk as he ran toward the drive by which Morton had come.

"Around the other way, Thompson," yelled Emmett, "there may be something coming from that side or behind!"

The photographer's lethargy had dropped from him now. With a single leap he jumped inside the door, grasped the shotgun from the lounge and spoke rapidly to the two frightened women. The deputy had darted into the room behind him with another whimper of fright, and Emmett paused just long enough to take from his shaking hand a revolver, which he uncocked and slipped into his own pocket.

"If you rode thru the dark that way with this thing at full cock," he said, "you needn't be afraid of anything. There's some Providence watching over you. Miss Westemonde, you and Mrs. Lawson get behind that screen where you can't be seen from the outside. Turn out the piano lamp when you get there."

He had already pushed two shells into the double barrel and snapped it shut.

"I'll be right here if you need me," he said reassuringly as he stepped to the porch. "I'm just going to cover up any retreat that's needed." And he raised the gun as footsteps sounded on the grass, coming at a run from the rear. It was Thompson.

"I've circuited the house as far back as the arbor," he panted. "There's not a sign of anything back there—and the moon was bright at the time. What was it he saw?"

"That's what we've got to find quick," shouted Swanson, who had come back at a run from the drive. "There's nothing down there by the grove. Emmett, just stay out here with that shotgun, Thompson, lock the doors behind if they aren't locked already. Put the women in one of those rooms that are still shuttered. I'll talk to the deputy."

But when Thompson darted back from the kitchen after reporting all available openings closed, Swanson was already shaking the man in angry impatience, vainly trying to get some intelligible words out of him. He seemed simply mad with fright. The big wire screen that had been moved partly away from the roaring blaze in the fireplace, where they had started to replenish the fire, had been shoved still farther back by the man. He had forced himself so far into the huge opening, which was nearly shoulder high, that the rear of his clothing was already smoking. He was cowering and gazing at the window with a look of most abject terror. Swanson grasped him roughly by the shoulders and dragged him behind the screen as tho he was a child.

"If there's anything out there," he said, "you're making a fine target of yourself. Get over there in the dark."

Thompson had returned with a glass of whisky, but it was obvious that the shaking hands of the huddled creature in the chair where Swanson had flung him could never hold it to his lips. Thompson did it for him and it was gulped down as tho it had been water.

"I'm so glad so many of the windows have their shutters up," said Swanson grimly, "but we're mighty vulnerable in front. We can never block that big window. If any marauders really are about —and if they wanted to set fire to a place like this——" He shrugged his shoulders, but snapped the safety catch on his rifle. For a few minutes it was so still, as a lull came in the breeze, that the moan of the lake could not still the sound of the rapid breathing of the women in the room behind them, or the heavy panting from outside, where the gasping of the deputy's horse could be heard. Emmett, who had leaped down the stairs to crouch against the front of the porch, where he was completely in the shadow, was near the animal as it struggled to its feet. Still keeping his gun ready, with his hand in the trigger guard, he reached over and jerked open the buckle of the girth, flinging the bridle off without stopping to unbuckle the frail throat latch, which snapped easily. Then he slapped the horse on the flank with his hand and the animal limped away.

"He was making a little too much noise for me to hear anything coming," reflected Emmett grimly.

Inside the house Swanson and Thompson again turned to Morton. Swanson eyed him keenly. Finally he spoke quietly.

"Now tell us what you saw," he said, in a kindly voice.

The absolute calm of the big man seemed to have as much effect on the deputy as the liquor. He straightened himself up, a faint tinge of color came into his cheek and his feverish panting ceased. He shook his head to show he understood.

"I've seen men taken to the city hospital in that shape," said Thompson, eyeing him with professional interest.

Swanson interrupted impatiently as soon as he saw the deputy could speak.

"Now, Morton, don't be afraid," he said. "Tell us what you saw."

"I was comin' from up north," said the deputy brokenly, with a voice that shook as if he was on the point of tears, "and had stayed a bit later than I had reckoned on. It comes on dark up here early, too. I had told Mr. Brady I was coming down this way tonight, but as I seen the rain comin' on I thought I'd ride ahead. I had ridden about half a mile down past the entry here and was near that clump of birches when I saw something moving. My horse was goin' easy and not making much noise—so it didn't seem to see me. I pulled up the horse and waited. It was dark where I was. I got the gun ready. As it stepped out about thirty feet away I noticed it seemed like an old man. It had on a long, black sort of coat and cape wrapped close about it. But I could see how thin it was and that it seemed lame——"

The man shook all over and covered his eyes with his hand.

Swanson and Thompson glanced at each other.

"And just as I got ready to sing out it saw me," continued Morton. "The moon was bright where it was walking. I couldn't see much below the knees—but when it stopped short"—the man's voice rose to a pitch of terror at the recollection—it threw up its arms—and the cloak flapped back—and it didn't have no feet! It had paws like a big dog wrapped up in a cloak—and as it jumped back at the sight of me I could tell it hadn't no hands."

He gulped as if suffocating.

"But when the cape flapped back from the face—I saw—I saw—I can't tell you what," he said, breaking into a paroxysm of nervous weeping, "but it weren't nothing human. It was more like the head of a wolf!"

Daylight dissipates fears, but the four men, who have stayed up all night on guard, are ever on the alert. Evening descends again, and this time it is Nora who stands in danger of death. She has not seen the thing, but the men with her learn how grewsome it is.

"It Had Paws Like a Big Dog Wrapped in a Cloak," Said the Deputy Brokenly.

A Winning Compliment.

SPEAKING at a dinner, Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, referred to the happy faculty of being able to say the right thing at the right time, and told the following story as an illustration:

John Henry was greatly enamored of a charming girl named Edythe Estelle, and eventually he reached the proposing point.

"Dearest," he softly murmured one gentle moonlight night, "I love you devotedly—I have always loved you, and I beg the privilege of laying my fortune at your feet."

"Your fortune!" exclaimed Edythe Estelle, showing considerable surprise. "I didn't know that you had a fortune."

"It isn't much of a fortune, dearest," coofully admitted John Henry, "but beside those tiny feet of yours it will look like a real Rockefeller lump."

Naughty Fish.

THE venerable Bishop Browne, who recently celebrated his 84th birthday, has a large fund of good stories. Here is one he is fond of telling:

A little Scotch boy was caught one Sunday morning by his minister with a nice string of trout.

The minister rebuked him severely for casting a fly to a fish on Sunday. "Had he nothing better to do than that? A righteous judgment might fall on him."

But the boy was quite equal to the occasion.

"Eh, meenister," he replied, "the jedgment's fallen on the fish. What had they to do snappin' at flies on a Sawbath?"

EXEMPT!

By Margery Land May

Jerry and his wife Lois had a big problem to face but neither one wished to admit it to the other until the action of their two friends produced a crisis.

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LOIS HOBART glanced across the table at her husband and smiled.

"Tired, Jerry" she asked gently.

Jerry frowned, and the little worried look to which Lois had grown accustomed of late crept into his blue eyes.

"Not particularly," he answered as he tinkered with his cup of after-dinner coffee, "I've had a rather busy day. Got that contract from the Lynnhurst school board this afternoon. I'm to draw the plans for three new schools they're going to put up this year. There's a nice little sum in it, too."

She lighted up with a whimsical smile. "That's splendid! The war hasn't affected you architects much, has it? I never knew a time when you were so busy." She laughed softly. "It's a good thing, too, with eggs at 60 cents a dozen, and butter almost worth its weight in gold."

He gave a jerky, little nod. "Grewsome thing, this war! I guess Ned will be in the thick of it soon. He's reached Paris, hasn't he? Seems to me you told me something about it."

"Yes," she leaned forward, and reaching her hand across the table held it out, palm upward, to his. "Weren't you proud of him, Jerry, when he came down from the training camp with a captain's commission?"

Jerry gazed at her pretty, flushed face fondly, and clasped her hand in his: "I'd have been proud of him if he had gone as a private, my winsome. He's your big buddy, you know." He paused, then rising from his chair, said: "Let's go into the library. I'd like a puff at my pipe before Jack and Dora come over." He slipped an arm about Lois' shoulders, and together they strolled into the big lamp-lit library, with its comfortable, man-sized chairs, its cozy open fire, and its air of wholesome homeliness.

Jerry slumped down in a deep, leather cushioned mission chair, and Lois perched herself on the arm of it. She watched him with tender, brooding eyes, while he got his pipe going satisfactorily. Then she said:

"Jerry, you seem worried and tired. Is there anything the matter?"

He shook his head: "No, honey-pet, nothing's the matter," he answered, and then with a long-drawn sigh, fell into deep, meditative silence.

Lois drew his head to her bosom and ran her fingers thru his thick thatch of blond hair. She did not attempt to break into his taciturn mood, for altho he persistently denied it she knew that something was the matter, not only with Jerry, but with herself. It was an intangible, peculiar something which she was able to sense rather than define—a sort of inner distress, which had arisen, like a mist, between them. They were not themselves. Their little Eden was awry. It was as if some baleful, nameless thing had crept in to rob them of the deep-seated harmony, the wise, tender understanding which existed between them.

They had always been singularly attuned to one another, and marriage had strengthened this attunement. "They twain" had become not only one flesh, but one heart, one spirit, one complete, rich, blending life. They had been married seven years, and their kisses were still the deep, fragrant caresses of youth in love. And love had made easy the adjustments between them. They still thought of one another as the man, and the girl, and it was for this reason that Lois was at loss to explain the insidious something which had crept in to mar their sweet contentment. She connected it in a vague sort of way with the war, for ever since Ned had come home from the First Officers' Training Camp with the silver bars of a captain on his serge-clad shoulders, Jerry had seemed restive and preoccupied. Usually the merriest comrade in the world, he had suddenly become non-committal, reserved and abrupt. Something was worrying him, and because he was life of her life, and heart of her heart, Lois was troubled too.

"Don't you think, dear," she said at last, "that you're giving too much time to outside things, all these war committees—these Liberty Loan drives, and all——"

Jerry glanced up sharply. "That's nonsense," he answered impatiently. "I don't give any more time to it than you do to the Red Cross. Besides, a fellow has to do something." He laughed bitterly. "If he can't fight, the least he can do is to back those up who can."

Lois looked at him with puzzled eyes. "Oh, I want you to do your part, and I'm so proud of you, because you do, but you seem so—quiet, so different, I can't help but think that sometimes you overdo things."

"Listen here, babe," Jerry rose and paced the floor with nervous strides. "For the hundredth time, there is absolutely nothing the matter with me. Now don't——" but he did not finish his sentence, for just then there was a ring at the doorbell. "I guess that's Jack and Dora now," he said, and went to let them in.

A moment later he was back in the library again and with him were Jack and Dora Bootn, friends and neighbors of long years standing.

"Have seats, you two," Jerry said as he adjusted chairs for them. "Sit down and let's have one of our old-time powwows. Here, Jack," he offered him a cigar, "light up!"

"Thanks, old fellow," Booth said, as he sank down in a chair, "I don't care if I do."

Dora cast him a roguish glance. "Now, Jack," she said laughingly, "don't get too comfy and settled because if you do we'll never get to make our other calls tonight, and you simply can't leave Lynnhurst without telling the Blakes and the Ramseys good-bye."

"Leave Lynnhurst!" ejaculated Lois.

"Tell 'em good-bye!" exclaimed Jerry.

Booth laughed. "You've exploded a bomb, young lady," he said to Dora. "It's up to you to explain."

Dora turned to Lois: "Didn't I tell you this morning when we were talking over the phone?" glancing up to see Lois shake her head. "I felt sure I had."

Jerry groaned. "Oh, you women! For heaven's sake, Jack, end the mystery."

"Well," Booth replied evenly. "There really isn't much to tell. I've enlisted for service in the Signal Corps and Dora and I leave tomorrow for a visit to her mother before I report to camp."

Jerry sprang up. "War! Signal Corps! Tomorrow! You don't mean it, Jack!"

"Surest thing you know. I couldn't keep out of it any longer."

"Yes, I know, old fellow, but you're entitled to an honorable exemption. Dora's entirely dependent upon you. You're married . . . have been for years."

Booth nodded gravely. "Oh, yes, I know all that. Dora and I have been over the whole question time and time again, and," a flush spread over his lean, dark face, "we both think we owe it to Uncle Sam. Dodo's going to stay at her mother's."

"Craziest thing I ever heard of," Jerry wheeled on Dora. "What's the matter, Dodo?" he asked with an attempt at levity, "don't you love him any more?"

"Love him!" The look in Dora's eyes answered his question more fully than words could have done. She smiled softly and crossing over to Jack leaned against the back of the chair in which he was sitting. "You know I love him, but sometimes——" she faltered, then rushed on eagerly, "sometimes we've got to give up the things we love for something higher, for duty, for an ideal, for right!" She flung back her head proudly. "It's our war now, Jerry, and our men have got to carry on the standard."

"Yes, I know," Jerry interrupted impatiently. "It is our war, and we want to see it fought to a finish, but the country doesn't have to call on the married men yet. Why, look here," he took a swift turn up and down the room, "I saw in the paper only yesterday that President Wilson didn't want to take them if it could possibly be helped. We need 'em at home to help with the war industries, to make these Liberty Loan drives a success, to see to the conservation of food, to——"

As He Flung Open the Door She Thrust Her Hand Behind Her. There Was Something in It Which She Did Not Wish Him to See.

Booth smiled. "Oh, that's all right for you, Jerry," he said, "you're just the man for the job. You've brains, personality and driving force—all the tools it takes to put punch into any sort of campaign. You were cut out for just that sort of work," he laughed humorously, "but I wasn't. There's just one thing I know and that's wireless telegraphy. I'm within the draft age. I'm as hard as nails, and there's no real reason why I shouldn't do my bit——"

"Strikes me Dora's as good a reason as any," Jerry said abruptly. "What's going to become of her?"

Booth reached dp and patted Dora's head. "She's going to be near me as long as I'm on this side of the water, and after that she's going to stay with her mother. You see, Jerry, we've saved a bit and we figure that Dodo can rock along on that until I get back."

"But if you don't get back?" Lois interposed faintly.

Booth smiled gravely. "Well," he answered, "all of Uncle Sam's men are supposed to take out ten thousand dollars' worth of Government insurance, you know."

There was a long, tense silence. Then Lois said to Dora: "How can you let him do it, Dodo? How can you? It isn't as if you two weren't happy and didn't love one another. Why, Jerry and I have often said that next to ourse you were the happiest couple we kne She looked at Jerry and smiled.

"Why, look at Jerry. He's twenty-n —just your age, Jack, and he's a gra ate of both Culver and V. M. I. We' tfny income, too. Not enough for a p son to live on entirely, but at le enough to help out. We're in practica the same position you are, and yet we never thought for a moment that Je should enlist. It seemed to us that si he was married he was entitled to emption, tho of course we both thi that every man and woman should something to help out, with the R Cross and all."

"Oh, well," Booth said lightly as rose, "we all have our particular job do." He went over to Jerry and flu his arm about his shoulders. "Jer here, is the best Four-Minute Man Lynnhurst. Come to think of it, it w that talk he gave at the Majestic Th ter during the Red Triangle drive t made me see where I stood in this w business. There's something bigger th happiness, something bigger even t love, than life itself, and that, frien is an ideal—the shining ideal of Liber and Right."

Booth turned to Dora. "You rem ber, Dodo, don't you, how those wo affected us?" She nodded. With h held high, and eyes shining, Booth w on. "Somehow that speech of yo struck home, Jerry. There I was an pert radio operator, a man in pr health, fit as a fiddle, taut as a bow without any real good reason for not fering myself and my ability to my co try. America needed radio operat was begging for 'em, and there sat I engrossed in my own little happines hear the call."

"Yes, I know, Jack," Lois prote excitedly, "But you were entitled to emption. You were married—you—"

"That's exactly what I told Do Booth said gently. "You see, I was to go from the very first, and I d want to do anything to make her happy. And so I left it up to and——"

"And I told him to go. Oh," her v broke tremulously, "you don't know I proud I was of him, how glad I was he wanted to go. And just think," said as she smiled, "at the time w the calls were going out for men I afraid that he was a slacker!"

Jerry shrugged his shoulders in tiently. "Well, I must say it sou very Quixotic to me, tho, of course Jack feels that he's doing his du can't help but admire him for it." held out his hand. "Put it there, boy. I wish you all the luck in world." He gripped hands with B and then turned to Dora. "You, Dodo," he said, smiling wistfully.

"Thanks, Jerry," Booth replied h ily, as the four of them left the lib and walked toward the front door. "D forget that we're looking to you a keep the home-fires burning.'"

"We won't," Lois and Jerry answ together. "And now good night, g by. Good luck!"

"Good night! Good-by!" the ot sang back.

Lois and Jerry went back to th brary in silence. "I'm tired," Jerry with a gesture of weariness. "I g I'll turn in. Coming up?" he asked walked toward the stairway.

Lois, who was standing before hearth gazing down at the crack flames of the fire, turned about sl and faced him. "Jerry," she said, there was a little catch in her v "will you ever forget the light on Ja face? Will you ever forget the sou his voice as he repeated those wor yours?" Tears flushed to her eyes. was wonderful."

For a moment Jerry hesitated, the left the stairway and strode over to Catching her deep in his arms, he gr down at her tenderly. "Is there anyt bigger than love—our love?" he as "Is there, my winsome?"

Her body went limp in his embra Her little hands gripped his shoul She clung to him fiercely. "No, no!" replied passionately, "no, no!"

"You wouldn't want me to go?" eyes went deep into her eyes as he spoke, half breathed the question.

She started. Suddenly the image Jerry as he had looked in his uni on the day he graduated from V. rose before her. From the deep dus by-gone years came the image of J in his uniform of blue coat and w trousers. Once more she saw him ma ing with his fine shoulders thrown b his head held high, his strong, li limbed body as straight and erect as soldier's. He was a head of a pany of his classmates, and on his f set face there was the look of a lea and a man. On that day she had kn that she would marry Jerry. He asked her the summer before when was visiting Ned, but she hadn't able to make up her mind. Then, ever, she knew.

"Would you want me to go?" asked again. "Why don't you ar me, dear? Tell me what you were t ing?"

Her eyes drooped before his s gaze. She toyed with a button o coat. "Of course, I wouldn't let yo silly, she answered lightly. "You want to, do you, dear?"

He gave a forced laugh. "Go

leave you—well, I should say not." He tweaked her chin playfully. "There's only one Winsome in the world, but there're loads and loads of Sammies." And so the world and the war wagged on. Wheatless, heatless and meatless days came to the little town of Lynnhurst. Food conservation became the cry of the hour and Jerry was made a member of the Lynnhurst food conservation committee. Then came the War Saving Stamps campaign, and Jerry was asked to make speeches in this district and that on the wisdom of investing in Thrift Stamps. Business duties and patriotic endeavors pushed him this way and that, and tho he was always rushed for time there seemed to be no limit to his energies, and his capacity for work, as long as it was war work, had an elastic quality. The local newspapers spoke of him as one of Lynnhurst's most patriotic young citizens, and the Rotary Club elected him president in recognition of his untiring efforts to serve his country. He was lauded on all sides, and every one thought him to be a much-to-be-envied man. That is, everybody but Lois thought so, and she knew differently. She knew that the worried little look in his eyes, the frown on his forehead and his sudden loss of flesh were caused not by hard-driven days overowded with duties but by some deep-seated inner distress, regarding which Jerry was peculiarly silent. And as the days drifted by Lois herself became vaguely disquiet and restive, and the unnamed something which had risen like a mist between them, the baleful, peculiar thing which had changed Jerry from the gay, good-humored comrade he once was to the silent, meditative man he now was, gripped her, too.

She was unhappy, all nerves, and like Jerry she found war work her only sedative. She spent hours each day superintending the bandage department of the Local Red Cross. During her spare moments at home she made scrapbooks to be sent to sick soldiers in near-by cantonments. She economized on her allowable and bought Thrift Stamps with the money she saved. She wrote long letters to Ned, who was now in the trenches. She did everything her restless efficient little hands could find to do, and while she knitted and sewed and worked she brooded over this new strange Jerry who was so different from the gallant, laughter-loving Jerry who had asked her to marry him the day he graduated from V. M. I.

"Jerry," she said to him one evening as they sat reading beneath the glow of the library lamp, "what's the matter with us—you and me? We're," her voice caught, "we're not happy the way we used to be."

He sighed and tossed his magazine aside. "These aren't happy times, dear," he answered. "Distress and anxiety are in the air. Just think how many Lynnhurst boys are in France already! I tell you the war is getting pretty close to home. Sometimes," he hesitated, then blurted out, "sometimes I feel like a miserable slacker."

She nodded understandingly. "Yes, I know how you feel. I've often felt that way, as if I'd like to be over there nursing some of those poor wounded fellows back to life."

"Oh, well, it's different with you. You're a woman. But,——" his voice became high-pitched and excited, "I'm a man! He got up, and cramming his hands in his pockets ranged up and down the room like a caged thing. "I'm a man," he repeated, "and what am I doing for my country? Urging farmers and school children to invest in Thrift Stamps. Begging people to join the Red Cross." He sneered. "Bah, that's a fine job for a healthy, full-blooded animal like me!"

She went to him. Putting her hands on his broad shoulders she said: "But some one has to do that work. It's just as important as the fighting, you know, because if——"

"Oh, yes, I understand all that," he interrupted. "But there're plenty of men, older men, fellows who're too old to fight who can attend to all that."

She pulled him down to her and kissed his eyes. "Yes, old dear," she soothed him, "but you're exempt."

He forced a laugh. "That's so, I am. I keep forgetting that I'm not Jerry any more, but Jerry plus my Winsome. But come, play something for me. Sing something. I want to forget the war for once."

But he did not forget it. He could not. Lois saw that. It seemed to her, as the days slipped on, that the mist between Jerry and her grew more and more opaque. Gone was their unity of purpose and ideal, the sweet inter-communion of spirit that had made for their attunement. Everything was different. And then there came a gray, bleak evening when Jerry, the old Jerry, came rushing home to Lois.

She was curled up on a chaise-longue before the open fire when he burst into her room. As he flung open the door he thrust her hand behind her. There was something in it which she did not wish him to see.

Stumbling to her, Jerry threw himself on his knees before her. His eyes were clear and shining. The worried look in them had vanished away. On his face there was a glow. "Winsome, I couldn't help it. I had to go." The enigmatical words tumbled with a rush from his lips.

Lois gazed at him in bewilderment. "What are you talking about, Jerry?" she asked.

"The war. Don't you see, I've got to do my part? I've been nearly crazy all along because I couldn't." He gathered her to him. "Oh, Winsome, I love you. I do, I do!" he cried, "but it's just as Jack and Dora said, there is something higher than love, and that's duty. We need men. We need men who've had military training. I have had it, and sweetheart, it's my duty to go. There's to be another Officers' Training Camp soon, and I've just gotten a letter from V. M. I. saying that I've been selected by them for training, I wrote them, you see. I couldn't have gotten in unless they had selected me——" he stopped abruptly, and searched her face with anxious, pleading eyes. She said nothing.

He went on: "It isn't as if we were really poor. We're not. We've a small income and a little money put aside. You can stay at your mother's. Those oil investments will soon be yielding dividends." Suddenly his jerky sentences trailed off into silence. He leaned forward and rested his head against her breast. There was a hush. Then he spoke gravely:

"Lois, if I've grieved you, forgive me. I can't help it. I've been miserable ever since this thing first started—the war, I mean. I've felt all along that my place was in the ranks, but I've tried to smother that feeling for your sake. I've tried to fool myself into thinking it wasn't my duty to go. I've tried to make up for not going by doing things here at home, working for the Liberty Loan Drives, and all that, but it's no use." He rose and walked a few paces from her. "I can't fool myself any longer. I'm not doing my part. I'm shirking a responsibility." He flung wide his arms, and his voice rang across the room, "I've got to fight. This war is a holy war. It's not for self, or gain, or greed, it's for men's liberty and men's souls. I've got to fight. I've got to. If I didn't I'd feel as if I'd turned my back on God!"

She went to him. "Jerry," she cried. "See!" She held out her hand. In it was a photograph—a picture of him as he had looked on the day he had graduated from V. M. I. "See, I was looking at it," sobs cut thru her voice, "I was looking at it when you came in. I was thinking," she threw herself against his big, strong body, "what a soldier you would make." She lifted her tear-flushed eyes to his. "Jerry!" she sobbed, "Jerry!"

His great arms caught her to him. "Lois! Oh, my dear!"

And so the mist that had risen between them lifted, and "they twain" who were one flesh, and one life, became one shining, high ideal.

* * *

Putting It Over.

"SAY!" thundered the head of the department. "What do you fellows mean by insulting Miss Mincing? I don't know what you said, she didn't tell me, but she understands French and she got everything you said.

"You thought she didn't understand French and that you could say anything you liked and get away with it. But you were mistaken. She came to me in tears about it. It is a mean, underhanded trick to talk a language that no one else understands, and when people don't know what they are saying they imagine all kinds of horrible things."

"You said it," replied the comedian, brightly. "That's exactly it. Miss Mincing sort of gave it out that she understood French pretty well. She hadn't really ever studied it, but her knowledge of Latin helped her a great deal.

"Whenever I hear anybody bragging that his knowledge of Latin helps him to understand something else I know that person's knowledge of both is not much to brag about.

"Once upon a time many years ago some fellow said that thing in regard to Latin and French and Latin and German and Italian and Spanish, and English and Swedish and United States and Wisconsin, and people have been passing that along about every language ever since.

"Now, I don't mind telling you that I don't know a darn thing about French. Everybody comes to me when they want to know how to pronounce the name of a French village, and I just tell them off-hand, but the information doesn't come from any storehouse of knowledge, but from a list that I have hidden in my desk, like: 'Verdun-Vayrdoon, Soissons-Swass-a,' and so forth. And that's all I know about French.

"As for Sappy, who is also accused of saying naughty things in French, all he knows is the names of a couple of restaurant dishes that he got from some bill of fare and one of two expressions like 'tout ensemble.' So when I come to work in the morning I say to Sappy: 'Swass-a la vahrdoon,' and I make it sound like 'Good morning' or something, and then Sappy comes back at me with his list of restaurant dishes as to the weather and adding a little bit of surprising news.

"Then I asked him in French whether he has pen, ink and paper, and he laughs as tho I had been saying something very witty, possibly something too delicately humorous to be expressed in English.

"Sappy replies that he has pen, ink and paper, also a dish of scrambled meat, and that's the extent of our French."

"That's all," said the head of the department.

* * *

Those Troublesome Germans.

WE EXTRACT the following from a letter written to his parents in Ireland by one of the Irish brigade in France. About half a dozen of them were told off to dig in a hole somewhat in advance of the trenches. They had got on nicely with their job when the Germans spotted them, and began to try their artillery marksmanship on the diggers.

For a time the shells went wide, but at last one dropped right into the midst of the men.

All but one scrambled out like rabbits. The "man who stayed behind" put his spade under the shell and flung the projectile out of the hole after his comrades, who, in dire alarm, quickly threw themselves flat on the ground, and escaped injury.

Going back to the hole they saw their mate, a Londonderry giant, coolly lighting his pipe.

One and all upbraided him for throwing the shell out after them.

"What would you have me do?" he asked. "Lave the shell in the hole, an' let it spoil our half-day's beautiful work?"

* * *

Irish Tact.

A PEACEABLE looking Irishman had been brought into a suburban police station on some petty charge. He pleaded innocence.

"Is there anybody here who can vouch for your respectability?" said the examining officer.

Patrick singled out the head of the small police force.

"He can," he said.

"Me?" exclaimed the policeman. "Why, I don't know the man."

"Exactly," said the accused. "I have lived in this place twenty years and the police don't even know me, so I can't be such a bad lot."

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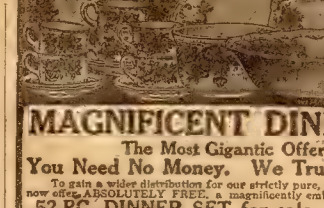

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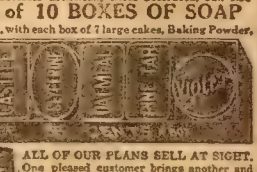

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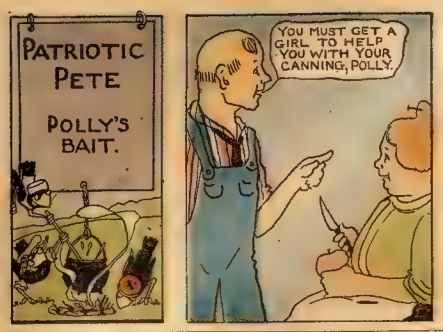

Out of Step With Their Hands.

Colonel G—— is a fine commander, but not a musician. He sent for the chief musician of his regimental band one day and delivered this scathing criticism.

"I notice a lack of uniformity about the band which must be regulated. Yesterday morning they were out on parade, and the largest man in the band was playing a little bit of an instrument—flute or something of the kind—and you had the big drum played by a small man. That sort of thing doesn't look well, and must be attended to. I want the small men to play small instruments. And another thing—I want the trombone players to slide their instruments in and out in unison. It annoys me to see them all out of step with their hands."

Couldn't Believe It.

Dr. Blank, the great mental specialist, gave a final look at the fair form and sweet, loved child and said:

"Sir," he said to the middle-aged man near him, 'I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone"

The dejected-looking husband shrugged his shoulders and gazed at the medico calmly

"I can quite believe it," he said. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

A Great Walker.

The teacher in the village school was enlarging on the benefits to be derived from walking One lad seemed particularly restive. The teacher inquired, sarcastically:

"Now, then, Willie have you something to tell the class?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie 'My father says that our washerwoman is the greatest walker in the world."

"How is that."

"Because she walks from pole to pole."

He Wasn't Idling.

Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, told this story at a dinner party as an illustration of the old saying that appearances are sometimes deceiving.

One afternoon a woman was walking thru a suburban village when she noticed a small boy leaning on a gate in front of one of the residences. The boy's attitude did not betray any great amount of ambition.

"I am surprised to see you standing here, my little man," said the woman, kindly. "Why do you idle away your time on such a beautiful afternoon?"

"I'm not idling," defensively declared the boy. "I am working for a thrift stamp."

"Working for a thrift stamp!" wonderingly re-sponded the woman, who couldn't see any signs of labor.

"Yes, ma'am," returned the boy. "Mr. Smith is sitting on the veranda with sister, and he told me that he would give me the price of a stamp if I would watch for father"

Thought She Was Deaf.

Aunt Elvira rushed into the house, hysterical

"I've lost my hearing'" she shouted

"You have?" her frightened sister shouted back. "How do you know?"

"Saw that man out there playing that hand organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" And Aunt Elvira wept afresh.

"That's a moving picture photographer at work!" snapped her sister.

Combination Name.

A girl, a newcomer in a country school, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson." Later the teacher asked the mother if that was right.

"Sho that man out there playing that hand organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" And Aunt Elvira wept afresh.

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"How is that."

"Because she walks from pole to pole."

Like July 4th.

"How do you like it?" William Allen White asked an American soldier in France

"Fine!" said the Sammy. "With all this racket going on, nearly every day is like the Fourth of July."

Farmer Bilkins—"Thet 'ere pig I bought from 'ere last week 'as bin an died"

Farmer Giles—"Wull! wull! thet's funny' E niver cut any of them capers when I 'ad un"

Didn't Have a Chance.

A tailor who had been wrongfully accused of murder, and who had ah excellent defense, seemed very dejected when brought up for trial.

"What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen.

"It looks very bad for me," said the defendant. "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There isn't a man among them but owes me money for clothes"

Proof of Guilt.

"I had to buy a dog to keep the neighbors' chickens from scratching up my garden"

"Did the scheme work"

"It did. Whenever we find anything dug up in our garden now we know the dog did it himself."

No Need to Listen.

"I suppose it is a great deprivation to your deaf friend not to be able to go to the theater."

"Oh, she can go to moving pictures and grand opera

His Business.

"A forestry expert ought to be ranked as an artist '

Why so?"

"On account of his wood cuts, you know."

Explained.

Wife—"I dreamed last night, dear, that I was in a box party at the theater."

Hub—"Oh! That explains why you were talking so loud in your sleep."

Agreed.

Buttonholed by an overinquisitive journalist, a British cabinet minister administered a neat rebuke

"How long do you think the war will last?" was the final question of a long series asked.

Very promptly the minister asked: "How long is a piece of string?"

The interviewer stared at him in astonishment.

"I—I don't know," he gasped.

"Neither do I," said the minister, cordially. "I'm glad we've agreed about something. Good morning"

How It Worked Out.

Recently a retired politician of note was giving a young man about to break into the political arena, a bit of advice

"I've been all thru it, son," he said "I've had everything it is possible to get except the Presidency. When I started in politics things looked very bright—I got positions of trust, big appointments and everything I wanted. Now all I have after years of activity is a lot of warm enemies and cold friends."

No Harm in That.

A little boy carrying home some eggs dropped them.

"Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it.

"No," said the boy, "but the shells came off some of them."

Bad Time to Lend

Bill — "I've had a bad day. I've started this resolution just now."

Gill — "Why so?"

"Why, don't you know the vacation season is just about to begin?"

Untamable Male.

"What have you done with that sailor?"

"Gave him to the Army."

"That was pa-triotic."

"Enough. All I hope is that some of those German cat-dares hiss."

Cold Is Hard.

"Cold is hard to get and high when you get it."

"Yes. Sometimes I think it would be cheaper to spend the winter in Florida."

Insult to Injury.

The greatest insult ever heaped upon an inexpensive but very popular make of automobile is here recorded:

The proprietor of one of the machines was driving along a country road when he was startled by a gunshot from a wood close at hand.

"Don't shoot again'" he yelled. "I'll surrender"

A man with a gun came forward and begun to apologize

"I beg your pardon," he said. "When I heard your honker and quickly looked your way, I thought it was a duck."

Back to Get a Hun.

An American soldier, slightly wounded, and just arrived at a French hospital, was discovered climbing out of bed, writes John Alcott of the American Ambulance Corps.

"What is it you want?" asked the nurse, thinking it might be a glass of water.

"I didn't ask to be brought here," said the soldier. 'I want to go back and get me a Hun"

On Board the Transport.

Sympathetic Friend—"How do you feel now, Ed?"

Seasick Soldier—"Don't ask me, but if you know any guy that wants the freedom o' the seas, tell him he can have it. I ain't got no use for it."

Raw.

Officer—"That's a pretty awkward lot you've got now, Sergeant."

Sorely Tried Sergeant-Instructor—"They are that, sir. It's the like o' them, sir, as brings 'ome to us what a horrible thing this war is, sir!"

"He's awfully cross-eyed, isn't he?"

"Yes, but I've hardly noticed it since he got that new touring car"

Generosity.

An old fellow on his deathbed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer

"And to each of my employees who have been with me twenty years or more I bequeath £2,000."

"Holy smoke! What generosity!" the lawyer exclaimed

"No, not at all," said the sick man "You see, none of them have been with me over a year, but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"

Ma's War Bonnet.

"That's ma's war bonnet."

"There's nothing suggestive of war about it."

"There isn't, eh? You should have seen the war pa started when he got the bill for it."

Missing the Fine Points.

"I flattered myself that this French officer was enjoying the baseball game."

"But you were disillusioned?"

"Sadly so. The game was nearly over before it occurred to him to ask me what the umpire was for"

A Hasty Glance.

Agnes—"A man just went by in an automobile. He looked at me and said: 'What a beautiful woman!'"

Marie—"Heavens! He must have been going fast."

The Test.

Small Brother—"Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here"

Sister—"You bad boy! Run away this very instant."

They Have None.

Professor—"Describe the manners of Germans."

Alert Stude—"They have none."

The Line He Would Form.

A good story is told of a guard who was once on duty in South Carolina. An officer on duty was discussing war matters and remarked

"You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?"

"Form a line, sir."

"What? One man form a line?"

"Yes, sir, form a bee line for camp, sir"

Then cheerfully assented the other "It might be a whole lot worse.

By the way, Jim," asked the friend a few minutes later, "how many people work in your department?"

"I don't know exactly," was the smiling reply of Jim; "but, roughly guessing, I should say about one-third of them."

Uncomfortable.

"And what is that monument over there?" asked a young lady from Boston who was exploring the wild and woolly west and seriously studying it.

"That there monument," said the native, "marks the last resting place of Three Fingered Jim Nugent. He was the best sheriff this county ever had, and he died with his boots on."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor. "How very uncomfortable!"

Fooling the Huns.

"So you are going to enlist, Mike?"

"Oi am."

"Let me tell you something. They say that the Germans write the name of a soldier on each shell, and that's the shell that kills the man whose name is on it."

"It don't say! Then, begorry, Oi'll fool 'em Oi'll enlist under an assumed name"

Easy for One-third of Them.

The conversation at a social session turned to the beauty of having a Government job, when this little story was related by Meredith Nicholson, the author.

Some time since a certain esteemed citizen who held down a Government position returned to his home on a visit and passed around among his envious friends

"You are looking fine, Jim," remarked a friend, as they stopped to light a cigar at Jim's expense. "Your new line seems to agree with you"

Yes, cheerfully assented the other "It might be a whole lot worse.

By the way, Jim," asked the friend a few minutes later, "how many people work in your department?"

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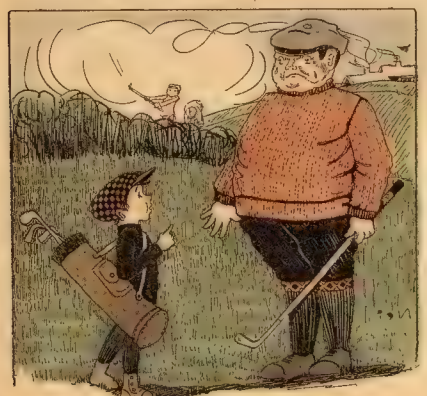
His Conjecture.

"What did your landlady mean by telling me she had a bone to pick with me?"

"Don't know, unless it was an invitation up to dinner."

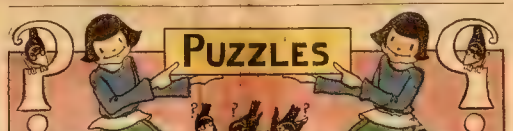
Lawyer—"But is not the alimony you wish a bit—er—excessive?"

Client—"Excessive! If you knew what suffering it is going to cause me to stay away from that man you wouldn't say so"



Golfer—"That's a rotten drive"

Caddie—"Yah oughta get more beef into it"



Diamond.

91—

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1 A letter in marsh.
2 Object.
3 A protective covering used in war.
4 Like.
5 Covered with a bacterial growth.
6. A shaft of light.
7. A letter in marsh.

Beheadings.

92—1. Behead to be happy and leave a boy.
2. Behead a black bird and leave trouble.
3. Behead a pleasant look and leave 320 rods.

Charade.

93—Words eloquent and gestures fine
Compose my first, please note!
An article my second is,
My third you all will vote
To be the watchword of success;
And if life's cares and bitterness
Press all too hard, you'll surely find
My whole will solace your wrought mind.

Rivers of the United States.

94—1. A kitchen utensil, an exclamation, and a boy's name.
2. A boy's name, not little, and an industrious insect.
3. Not well, a human feature, and an uproar.
4. To join, a pronoun, and to sever.
5. To hinder and ground.
6. A precious gem.
7. Noah's refuge, an article, and what no black mammy likes
8. The godhead
9. A young girl, a pronoun, and a human feature.
10. An exclamation and a seasoning
11. The delight of painters and a fuss
12. Not large and to prosecute at law.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

87. Rhyming Word Puzzle.

Snow.

88. Live Embers.

1. December. 2 Remember. 3. November. 4. Member. 5. September. 6. Dismember. 7. Pemberton (Maj.-Gen.).

89. Jumbled Fruits.

1. Strawberries. 2 Cherries. 3. Pineapple. 4. Bananas. 5. Oranges. 6. Grapefruit.

90. Beheadings and Curtailing.

1. Slate, late, stea.at.
2 Acute, cute, cut.
3. Prate, rate, rat.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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GENTLE JABS.

A man never has to go half way to meet trouble.

The clergyman is usually the best man at the wedding.

Some things are hard to explain and also quite unsafe.

As a bow of promise the rainbow has never been worn out.

It was too much apple sauce that got old Adam into trouble.

Insomnia is seldom caused by the things a man doesn't say

Some men make a specialty of doing others they are dunned by.

A widow's wiles will usually win out against the maiden's smiles.

Wise is the man who can keep appearances up and expenses down.

Wise is the woman who wears a muzzle on her gossip department.

If we could see ourselves as others see us we would all be pessimists

Things you can't explain are generally none of your business, anyway

Lots pocket money of most women comes out of some man's pocket.

The man who finds fault with his neighbor exposes one of his own.

It's a poor widow that can't remarry. The rich ones are soon gobbled up.

If a man is his own worst enemy he has a one-sided fight on his hands.

Some men are worthless—and some men are not worth so much as that.

Some people never know when to stop and others never know when to begin.

All men are born equal, but some grow up to be presidents or baseball umpires.

Some folks go to church for the purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of gossip.

One can't square himself with God unless he pays what he owes to his fellow men.

It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.

A hypocrite is a man who thinks one way and leads you to think he thinks another way.

Every time a small boy gets a whiff of the odor arising from the kitchen he proceeds to get hungry.

Even a man who is fond of elaboration is apt to balk when a hundred yards or so of red tape is offered him.

In Russia the peasant women do nearly all the harvesting. In this country the women do most of the sewing and cradling

The Editor Has His Say Here

WAR has made another demand on the publishing business, this time in the form of an order issued by the United States Government for a 15 per cent reduction in the amount of paper consumed. In appealing to the publishers to reduce the size of their papers and also to eliminate all wasteful practices, the War Industries Board of the Government says it is absolutely essential that the consumption of paper be cut during the war. If the 15 per cent reduction now ordered does not bring the expected results more drastic regulations will be issued and enforced after Oct. 1, 1918. It is estimated the 15 per cent reduction will mean a saving of more than 250,000 tons of paper, to say nothing of the saving in coal and in freight, a very considerable item at a time when every ounce of material and every inch of carrying space is essential to the winning of the war. Under the new rule, the public will be able to judge the patriotism of a publisher by the size of the paper he prints, as well as by what is said in the paper.

THE War Industries Board is also asking the public to save every kind of paper—writing, wrapping, tissue, cardboard and all varieties of paper products. A notice issued by the Board says: "Every pound of paper wasted represents not only the waste of valuable materials, such as coal, pulp, chemicals, etc., but also the waste of productive labor and transportation space."

THE publishing business is suffering greater hardships than any other industry in the country. The prices of paper and all other materials used have doubled within the last three years, and wages are constantly advancing. On top of all this came the big increase in postal rates, which went into effect July 1 last. This is a part of the Federal war tax act, increasing the rate per pound on reading matter, as second class mail, and putting a zone charge on the advertising portion of publications, a graduated scale of postage based on weight and distance carried. The publications most affected by this tax are those of national circulation. The W. D. Boyce Company publications, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout, go to all parts of the country and their increase in postage goes as high as 325 per cent. The zones rates are to be advanced each year and we are facing an increase of 1,000 per cent in these rates by 1921.

HUNDREDS of publications have been killed by the enormous increases in expenses and the high postal rates are now putting many others out of business. Most of the publications that are surviving have passed the extra costs on to the public, in increasing subscription and advertising rates. However, the policy of the Boyce weeklies is as stated recently by Mr. W. D. Boyce: "By exercising every possible economy we shall try to hold our losses to the minimum while keeping these papers up to the standard desired by our big family of loyal readers. There has never been a time when our papers could be of such service as now, with their nationwide circulation and their facilities for obtaining and supplying information. It is not only a feeling of pride but of duty which supports me in my determination to keep on the best I can until better days come, and to quote the best war saying I have heard: 'You can have all the milk, Uncle Sam; just let me keep the cow.'"

WE HAVE had occasion in the past to tell you what some of your fellow readers think of the Ledger. Here are three other excerpts from letters in which we believe you will be interested. Writing from Texas, a reader says: "I read the Chicago Ledger every week and find it the best magazine in the market. One day I happened to find a copy of the Ledger and read it and I have not missed a single copy since." A Wisconsin reader says: "A week does not go by that I do not purchase both the Blade and the Ledger. The little inside views which you give in regards to how and why stories are read, then purchased and published by you, is something that is not known to everybody and even aspiring young writers are often ignorant as to the process which their stories go thru at the editor's office and they appreciate it when they are shown just why their material is not available." The writer goes on to comment on some features of the Ledger which have pleased him immensely and to make suggestions for future numbers, all of which was thankfully received. The third writer likewise has bouquets for the Ledger: "I have been a reader of The Saturday Blade and the Chicago Ledger for a long time," he writes us, "and I have decided there is no other paper excels them. I would rather read a Ledger than eat when I am hungry. The Blade cannot be beat for news. I hope you will keep the good stories going in the Ledger."

NOT long ago the editor was having a hard time getting the kind of stories he wanted—stories peculiarly fitted for the columns of the Ledger. Then he happened to think of Alvah Milton Kerr, for twenty years or so editor of the Ledger, a writer himself and the man who discovered just what kind of stories would best suit the hundreds of thousands who every week buy the magazine. If any writer knew what would please Ledger readers most Mr. Kerr would be the man, the editor believed. Now Mr. Kerr had gone West for his health and he wasn't actively writing, but a letter to him brought a quick consent to letting us publish some of his stories. The first of these will appear next week under the title, "Whitelaw of the Artic." As its name implies it is a story of the North, where one man finds his soul in helping others. It is a remarkable story and the character of Whitelaw is drawn with a picturesqueness which brings out in vivid manner the story of a man of desires who conquers because of his indomitable will. We know you will like the story and the others from Mr. Kerr's pen which will follow.

A COMPLETE novelette entitled, "Wages of Sin," will be featured in our next week's issue. This story has to do with the workings of a band of blackmailers, and is replete with interest. One famous French writer has said that when there is trouble one should "look for the woman." Truly, this is so in this story. Back of all the deviltry, the heartlessness and crime worked by this band, there is a woman. She is beautiful, but she is cruel, and she is a mystery. Only in the end does she reveal herself and then only to die. Don't forget to read this story. It will furnish you with an evening's entertainment, and give you a better understanding of what goes on in the great underworld.

HAVING read the above, you will know why the editor of the Ledger takes pride in telling you so often of the many good things which are offered each week. The Ledger is constantly being improved in order to give you better and better stories, in order to give you a greater variety of them and to try and suit as many tastes as possible.

The Editor.

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If this should reach the eyes of a wife, mother or friend of one good man who drinks liquor to excess and cannot overcome the self-running habit, let her write to Edward J. Woods, D.S., Station F, New York, N. Y., for confidential information which is likely to bring great joy—a complete victory over the drink habit.

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Treachery, Passion and Love Form the Basis of Events in the Third Installment of

THE QUARTERBREED

By Robert Ames Bennet

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Review of the Story to Date

CAPTAIN HARDY, U. S. A., newly appointed agent of an Indian reservation in the Northwest, comes on the scene just as Dupont, a trader, his daughter Marie and Vandervyn, assistant agent, are having a fracas with the Indians. After the Indians have been dispersed thru quick thinking on his part, Hardy proceeds to the Agency and takes up his duties. There he discovers that things are not as they should be. He catches Dupont's punchers and Redbear, a half-breed interpreter, in the act of defrauding the Government on cattle, and, to the surprise and chagrin of Vandervyn, manages to disarm the three rowdy punchers and send them about their own business, after righting the matter. After giving Redbear another chance to redeem himself because of his sister who is dependent on him, Hardy goes to dinner at Dupont's on Marie's invitation. There, he learns thru his drunken host who oversteps himself, how the whites are despoiling the Indians. On the next morning when the chiefs and headsmen of the tribe, whom Hardy has summoned, gather at the Agency, Vandervyn tells Redbear to misinterpret Hardy's remarks. This he does with the result that bad blood is stirred up.

This story began in Ledger No. 33, dated Aug. 17. Back copies can be obtained thru the office of publication or from newsdealers and our agents.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMMON LAW.

THERE was still more than a trace of red in Hardy's sallow cheeks when Marie, Vandervyn, and Dupont came in upon him at the office. Dupont held out a congratulatory hand.

"By Gar, Cap," he said, "you sure had a mighty close squeak of it that time. I been talking to the p'leece. Guess old Ti got all-fired hot. Where's Charlie?"

"Take this chair, Miss Dupont. You'll find it more comfortable," courteously urged Hardy. "Redbear? He is on his way home. I sent him to reassure his sister and the families of the police."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Captain," said Marie.

"But it would be far more considerate if you would leave the Reservation," added Vandervyn.

"How so?" queried Hardy.

"Of course, you'll fancy I am thinking of my promotion. But it's not that at all. Ask Jake. Didn't Charlie tell you what he had to promise in order to keep those red devils from raising the ki-yi?"

"No."

"I got it from the p'leece," said Dupont. "The whole bunch was yelling to shoot you; and they'd done it, too, the ornery cusses, only Charlie sings out to 'em that Mr. Van was going to be agent, and you'd go away."

"He said that?"

"Oh, Captain, don't be angry at Charlie," interceded Marie. "He had to do it to save a fight. I couldn't hear what was said, but I could see them. They were furious at you."

"But why? It perplexes me. I could not have been more friendly. Yet everything I said seemed to anger them."

"I told you they're an ornery bunch," replied Dupont. "Even at that, tho, I'd be surprised at them flaring up so open, if it wasn't for because your being an officer. I clean forgot how the chiefs hate all soldiers like pizen. Most of the old ones was in the ghost-dance craze, and got jailed by the soldiers."

"Haven't I heard that an Indian who has been jailed always is vindictive?" inquired Vandervyn.

"By Gar, this here bunch is, you bet," answered Dupont. "Worst of it is they're not young bucks what don't count—they stand for the tribe. Let me tell you, when old Ti flares up and goes off sulky and the whole bunch of sub-chiefs and headmen follows suit, it's time to hunt cover."

"They may cool down and be willing to listen to reason," argued Hardy.

"Cool down? They'll go back and sit and stew and stew till hell boils over. Next thing happens, they'll stir up the young bucks. That'll mean first you; then, once they get started to killing, they'll clean up the rest of us Nom du chien! Just when I was gitting enough ahead in my business to take care of my old age and give Marie a chance to be a lady—to stand to lose everything and her and my scalp, to boot!"

"You are free to leave here with her whenever you wish."

"No, I ain't. I can't leave my store—all my property."

"And I shall not leave unless Pere does," said Marie. "You will not force me to leave him?"

"I must, if it becomes necessary," replied Hardy. "It is not right that you should be exposed to the danger of an uprising."

"But there would be no danger if it were not for you," she rejoined, her eyes flashing with indignation. "If only you had not come here! If there is an outbreak, it will be all your fault!"

"Mine?"

"Oh, I know you mean well. But if they've taken this violent dislike to you—— Why ever did you come? You saw how they like Mr. Van. Had they thought you would insist on staying, nothing could have kept them from attacking you. But the promise that Mr. Van is to be their agent, that pacified them. Had you never come here, all this would not have happened. The chiefs would have come to talk with Mr. Van, and would have gone back satisfied."

Hardy swung around in his chair to scrutinize the guileless face of Vandervyn.

"What do you say to that, sir?" he interrogated.

"What can I say?" replied Vandervyn, twisting the tip of his blond mustache. "You know that if I insist upon the advisability of your leaving, it will lay me open to the suspicion of self-interest. It is for you to decide to leave for the good of the tribe, or to stay and take the chance of an uprising."

"The way you put it——" considered Hardy. "Perhaps it might be better for all concerned if I should leave."

"You bet it would, Cap," eagerly broke in Dupont. "'Taint no joke. Them ornery cusses 'll git you like they done with Nogen, just as sure as shooting."

Vandervyn shot a curious glance at the blunderer. Marie was looking at Hardy. But she did not need to see the tightening of his lips to realize what her father had done.

"Oh, Pere!" she reproached. "Why did you say it? You should have known it would be deserting his post under fire. He's an army officer—he wouldn't leave now even if he knew his staying here meant certain massacre for us all, followed by certain massacre of the tribe by the troops."

"I will remain until I have made at least one more effort to pacify the tribe," replied Hardy. "You are at liberty to resign whenever you please. Mr. Dupont has ample time to remove his goods and his daughter from the Reservation."

"Not me," declared Marie. "I don't care what Pere and Reggie say; I know there is not one of the tribe who would harm me, even in an outbreak."

"Well, mebbe not," admitted her father. "I gather that I am the only person who seems to be endangered," remarked Hardy. "This being so, I will wait a few days for the excitement to subside, and will then call another council."

Marie Kept Her Difficult Seat Like a Circus Rider.

Captain Hardy could not leave after that."

"Quite right, Miss Dupont," said Hardy.

"You mean, you won't leave?" asked Dupont.

"How can he?" Vandervyn smoothly cut in. "You've put it up to him that they won't come ag'in to meet you," predicted Dupont.

"Then I shall go to them."

"Into the mountains, Captain?" exclaimed Marie, her splendid eyes widening with concern. "Surely you will not venture among the camps.

"The tribe must learn that I mean friendship."

Dupont paused to scratch the side of his head. But Vandervyn spoke without an instant's hesitation: "You have no right to throw your life away uselessly, Captain. Suppose Charlie and I make a trip to the camps, to see if we cannot quiet the tribe and talk the chiefs into giving you another hearing? If you have no objection, we could tell them that you cannot leave just now, but that you will do so as soon as you have tried to benefit them."

"And that Mr. Van'll be next agent," added Dupont.

"Will you tell them that I am here to help them and to be their friend?" queried Hardy.

"Trust me to put it to them strong, Captain," assured Vandervyn. "I know you'll play fair by resigning in my favor as soon as you have the tribe in hand."

"After I have done what I can to improve conditions among them," qualified Hardy.

"I do so hope Mr. Van can persuade them to be friendly with you," said Marie. "I know he and Charlie will be perfectly safe. But it will be hard to talk them out of their strange dislike to you. When will you start, Reggie?"

"Early tomorrow morning, if the Captain has no objections."

"The sooner the better," agreed Hardy.

"I'll go and remove my council costume," said Vandervyn, smiling at his irreproachable frock coat.

Marie and her father rose with him. Hardy bowed out the girl and returned to his desk. He was deep in the midst of a report on the tribe when, half an hour later, Vandervyn returned to the office in his riding togs.

"Charlie may not come back this afternoon," he remarked. "I thought I might ride down and tell him about the trip. I could fetch your mare for you."

"Very well. I shall be obliged," replied Hardy, and he returned to his study of the report.

Vandervyn went down into the creek bottom, where one of the police was waiting with his pinto. He mounted and rode down along the far side of the stream, keeping the thickets as much as possible between himself and the Dupont house. He did not recross the creek until he was opposite Redbear's home.

When he rode over to the downstream side of the cabin, he found the door closed. But he noted a slight movement of the cheap madras curtains that had been hung in the nearest window. His hand went up to beckon with a lordly gesture. There was a short pause. Then the door opened a scant inch.

"Hello!" he said. "Where's your brother?"

"He has—has gone to tell the police families."

"On the agent's mare," guessed Vandervyn.

"Please—he didn't mean any harm—please don't tell on him."

"That depends," replied Vandervyn. "Do you think I care to favor him when you act as if you hate me?"

"Hate! No, no!" The door opened several inches and as suddenly closed to a narrow crack.

But Vandervyn had caught a glimpse of the girl's blushing face. His voice dropped to a caressing tone: "You're not afraid of me, are you, just because I wanted a kiss? Come out here and talk. I won't bite you."

"You promise not to—to kiss me?"

"Not unless you wish me to."

"But—but I do!" came back the naive confession.

Impulsively he started to swing off his pony. The cabin door shut with a bang. He straightened in the saddle, waited a long moment, frowned heavily and started to ride away.

From the window came a plaintive cry: "Oh, please, please!"

He deliberately dismounted, flung the reins over his horse's head and waited to the opened window. The eager, frightened face within blushed scarlet and shrank back. He stopped short.

"See here," he admonished, "if you're going to be silly, I shall go away for good. You've got the door barred, and you know I shall not try to crawl in at a hole like this."

"I—I won't be," she faltered.

"That's better," he said, and he reached in to slip his arm around her trembling shoulders.

Shrinking yet yielding, with eyes timidly downcast and olive cheeks burning with blissful shame, the young girl allowed him to draw her closer. Her lips quivered, yet she raised them to meet his kiss.

"There!" he rallied. "Was it so dreadful?"

She did not answer; she could not. Her head drooped forward with the instinctive modesty of an innocent young girl. Had not the wall been between, she would have hidden her face on his shoulder. He put the forefinger of his free hand under her chin and raised her head to take a second kiss.

"One good turn deserves another, sweetheart," he said.

"You should not—not call me that," she whispered. "You are a gentleman white man; I am only a halfbreed. I'm yellow as a Chinaman."

"No—golden. You are my golden girl. Your cheeks are wild roses and honey gold. Your eyes are like a fawn's; your lips sweet as honey— Another kiss—

There, that's more like it. You're learning how."

"You—you really like me," she whispered.

"No, I hate you like Poor Lo hates firewater. Give him a taste, and he wants it all. I want you."

"You mean, to be what white girls call engaged?"

"Well, we might call it that."

"Charlie—he said I must marry a white man. I am joyed in my heart— You say you want me! But I am only a half-breed girl, and you——" Her breath failed her in her awe of his condescension.

"You're my honey-sweet girlie. Go and open the door."

She looked up at him again full and direct, and his gaze sank before the trust in her clear eyes.

"You want me to be your engaged girl!" she murmured. "When people are engaged, they are going to be married. Charlie said I must marry a white man, a good white man. You are kind to me. It is wonderful. I have read that even army officers have married halfbreed girls. But you are grander than any army officer, and you are very good to think of marrying me."

Vandervyn forced a smile, and replied to her adulation without meeting her enraptured gaze:

"What else did you think I meant when I kissed you? Of course we shall be married. As we are here on the Reservation, it will be according to the custom of the tribe."

"Married? Oh, my heart sings!" cried the girl. "I will be your wife—yours! I can't believe it— There comes Charlie now. I must run and tell him."

Vandervyn hastily released her, and drew his arm out of the window as he looked around.

The halfbreed was racing Hardy's mare up the creek bank at a furious gallop. At Vandervyn's beckoning gesture he pulled in the thorobred to a less killing pace; but even at that, a few seconds brought him to the cabin. He flung himself out of the saddle and advanced upon Vandervyn, his face dark with suspicion.

"What you saying to my sister?" he demanded.

"Oh, Charlie!" reproached Oinna. "What makes you look at him that way? Why don't you thank him?"

"For what?" questioned her brother in a harsh, strained voice.

"Because he is going to be my man—going to take me for his wife."

Redbear stood dumbfounded.

"Well?" asked Vandervyn. "Have you any objection to her marrying me?"

"Marry you? Oinna—you?" The halfbreed could not believe his ears. Thru his daze shot a flash of angry suspicion. "But you—you won't marry her!"

"I'll marry her as some white people marry. I'll not take her to town."

"You mean, you'll have the agent marry you?"

"We don't need old Hardy. Oinna and I have agreed to be married according to tribal custom."

Again Redbear's weak face darkened with suspicion and anger. "I won't have it. You shan't do it, Oinna! It's not real marrying."

"You don't say?" rallied Vandervyn. "Then none of the Indians of this tribe are married?"

"They are, but it's Indian fashion. You're white, and Oinna is half white. White people don't marry Indian fashion."

"You know a lot about it, Charlie. Haven't you ever heard of common-law marriages? Lots of white people get married that way."

"What way?"

"You must know about it. Instead of going to a lot of fuss and bother over ministers and licenses, many people just take each other for husband and wife and go to housekeeping."

"Well, if it's a real marriage——" muttered Redbear.

"Of course it is, Charlie, if he says so!" cried Oinna rapturously.

Her brother's face glowed with sudden unconcealed exultance. He stammered almost incoherently: "Then you—Marie—you don't marry—don't marry Marie."

"No," replied Vandervyn, and his voice rang clear. "I have no intention of marrying her. She's too confounded bossy and spoiled to be my wife. You're the girl I want, and I'm going to have you."

"Maybe Marie'll like me now, when I tell her you are going to be my brother," sighed Redbear.

Vandervyn laid a brotherly hand on his shoulder. "Hold on, boy" he said. "You let me manage things. You know that Marie thinks she likes me. But now Hardy is here, and he wants her. If she hears that I have thrown her over she will run off with him."

"She don't like him."

"What if she doesn't! He's an army officer. He has money, and when he goes from here he will wear his uniform, all gilt and spangles. You know how the girls like that. No—I tell you there's not the ghost of a show for you until he is out of the way. Our little bluff didn't work. He says he is going to stay. So for a while you and Oinna must keep still about the marriage. Tomorrow morning you and I are going into the mountains to talk with the chiefs. Oinna will go with me. But it must be understood at the Agency that you have sent her to—— Who could you send her to?"

"Ti-owa-konza is our mother's father. Not even Mr. Dupont knows that," said Redbear. "Before he came here she ran off with a bad white man. They went to the Blackfeet. When Oinna was coming, her man kicked her out of his tepee and took a young squaw. After a time he got an arrow thru his back. My mother came home. Ti-owa-konza would not see her face. She had to work for the agent until they made us go away to school. Then she died."

"Old Thunderbolt your grandfather?" remarked Vandervyn, seizing upon that one fact in the squalid tragedy. "Does he know it?"

"I told him today. He said my face—— But maybe he will come to like me. He said to bring Oinna for him to look at her."

"That's great! We'll tell it to everybody. But remember, not a word about the marriage until after we get rid of Hardy and I am agent. Then things will go all right for all of us. You savvy that, Charlie? Unbar the door, honey-girl. While Charlie rubs down the mare I'll come in and say good-bye until tomorrow morning."

Blushing with delight, the girl ran to admit her lover into the cabin. Redbear brought the mare close before the door, where he could look in as he groomed her sleek coat. Vandervyn cut short his

Her Lips Quivered, Yet She Raised Them to Meet His Kiss.

wooing and came out, angry-eyed.

"Guess you want to get down to business," he snapped. "All right. Come along a ways with me. I've got something to tell you." His voice dropped to a deep, rich note as he peered back into the cabin: "Never mind, honey-girl. Tomorrow we'll begin our honeymoon."

Turning again, he hastened to mount his pony. Redbear was already on the thorobred. They rode off at a jog trot

CHAPTER XI.

BEST-LAID SCHEMES.

HARDY had gone to the Dupont's for supper when Vandervyn returned to the Agency. He made a hasty toilet and followed. Marie met him with marked coldness. This, however, melted before he had finished his report to Hardy that he had been compelled to ride out of the valley in search of Redbear.

He said that the halfbreed had found the families of the police camped off the Reservation at the spring on the coulee side of the butte. He added that in the morning he was going alone to the first Indian camp. Redbear was to start ahead very early with his sister, that he might arrange to send her ahead to old Thunderbolt.

After this explanation Marie beamed upon Vandervyn, in the best of humor, while he went on to tell about the relationship between the Redbears and Ti-owa-konza. All agreed that the old chief probably would take a fancy to Oinna, and that, as a result, there would be a fair chance of pacifying the tribe. Vandervyn left the discussion of this to Hardy and Dupont, and proceeded to make himself agreeable to Marie.

Hardy's habitual gravity softened to a smile of wistful sadness. At the first opportunity he excused himself and rose to leave.

When, at sunrise, Hardy went over for breakfast, he found that Vandervyn had already eaten and ridden away up the valley. Marie's eyes were very bright and the lids slightly swollen and her look was pensive. She came to the table with her father and Hardy, but she ate little, and her manner toward Hardy was cold and ungracious.

After the officer left, Dupont squinted across the table at her and began to scratch his head.

"You and Mr. Van burned a lot of coal oil last night. He didn't git far enough along to ask you to hitch up with him, did he?"

A red blush flamed in the girl's cheeks. Without looking up she murmured a regretful "No."

"Guess he figures he'll wait and see if Hardy is going to bust us up. Like as not he'll skip back East if Hardy gits sore and chokes off our hold on the mine. You don't savvy about that mine. Me and Nogen discovered it and paid honest for developing it, as you know. Well, we let Mr. Van in on it. Then Nogen up and gits killed. That makes it half and half between me and Mr. Van, according to all that's fair and square. But do you believe Hardy will look at it that way? Not by a—considerable. He'll talk about it being the tribe's, just because it is on the Reservation."

"I see!" The girl's eyes flashed, and her nostrils dilated. "He will rob you and Reggie of a fortune—yet you wish me to be nice to him!"

"You bet I do! Can't you git the point? He ain't going to be bluffed into quitting. We tried to—we thought sure he'd skip out when the council got riled so bad. But he sure has got sand."

"He is no braver than Reggie."

"Well, I don't know about that. Anyway, he's not going to quit. He says the agent. That means we got to make friends with him or lose the mine."

"Oh! So that is it?"

"Yep. Worst of it is he's one of them there fellows what stand so straight they lean backwards. We talked to him about how it would help the tribe if he joined us in opening the mine. He was mighty offish. Guess we'll have to give him Nogen's third to git him into our camp. He's got us roped. He can rob us of our mine if we don't make friends with him. Now do you savvy?"

"Very well. I shall make myself agreeable to Captain Hardy. But wait until I am free to pay him out for it!"

But at midday, when Hardy came over for the noon dinner, Marie received his courteous greeting with a graciousness that soon lightened the pensive severity of his look. Before the end of the meal they were chatting in a manner that brought a twinkle into Dupont's cunning eyes.

During supper Marie became a trifle less animated. At the table and afterwards in the parlor, she shifted most of the conversation upon her father and Hardy. In his desire to be agreeable, Dupont only succeeded in displaying his innate coarseness. He roared with laughter over pointless anecdotes and stale witticisms, and annoyed his guest with insistent invitations to sample the whisky. Hardy met all with genial courtesy; he deftly turned aside the conversation from risque subjects, and never once betrayed a trace of repulsion or disgust.

After Marie bowed him out she went at once to her bedroom without responding to her father's half-maudlin good-night. Her face was very thoughtful.

After that there was no break in her friendly manner toward the captain for several days. Frequently they took rides, over or around the nearest hills and mountains.

On the morning of the seventh day, when he rode over to join Marie for a ride out to the butte on Wolf River, ten years seemed to have dropped from him. Even when he lifted his hat to the girl and exposed the silvered hair at his temples, he looked nearer twenty-five than thirty. He had shaved off his bristly grizzled mustache.

"Positively, Captain," she bantered, "you startle me. You are growing so young! You're barely of age this morning."

"In that case you must humor my callowness by pretending you need my aid to mount."

As she did not demur to the suggestion, he led up her half-broken young calico pony. She smiled in her most ladylike manner and put one small booted foot in his hand. Between her own agility and his expert assistance, she rose with the lightness of a feather and perched herself sideways on her man's saddle. Unused to such strange behavior, the pony began to buck.

Hardy sprang to seize the beast by the head. Marie waved him aside, and proceeded to give an impromptu exhibition of her skill as a horsewoman. Tho the pony was a mild bucker as horses go in the West, most women would have left his back, whether seated in a sidesaddle or astride. With one leg crooked around the horn of her saddle, Marie kept her difficult seat like a circus rider, until the pony subsided.

On their way down the valley they met no one, for the families of the police had moved back to their old camp-site opposite the Agency. When they reached the top of the divide, Hardy's glasses showed them the beef herd grazing far down the river. They rode on along the road to the coulee, where they turned upstream to the spring rill that flowed from a cleft in the butte.

Marie suggested that they climb the butte. With subtle coquetry she gave Hardy the privilege of assisting her up the ledges, tho had she chosen, she easily could have outclimbed him. They mounted to the top of the highest crag, where they sat down on the bare rock to view the plains and mountains thru Hardy's glasses.

A hush fell upon them. Marie let the hand that held the glasses sink into her lap. She gazed off up the river, dreamy-eyed.

After a prolonged silence Hardy murmured in a half-whisper: "How alone we are? The world is young—it is the beginning of time. And in all the new, young world, you and I are alone—Marie."

It was the first time that he had ever used her given name in speaking to her. She started from her day-dream, the color deepening in her cheeks. In the same moment she became aware that she had been looking at a moving object.

"Look!" she said, lifting the glasses to her eyes. "That must be the head and shoulders of a man. He is riding along on the far side of the ridge—an Indian; his head is muffled in a blanket.

"Marie!" softly repeated Hardy.

The girl sprang to her feet. "He has disappeared—but we are no longer alone in the world, Captain Hardy. Let us go down."

With an instant repression of his disappointment, Hardy took the glasses and offered his hand to assist her down the last ledge. She ignored the offer. Nor did she permit him to help her at all during the descent. At the foot she paused only for a drink from the spring rill before mounting. He swung into the saddle a trifle less hastily.

Her pony had leaped away with the usual jumping start of a broncho. The mare stepped clear of the low scrub near the rill edge, out upon the sandy level of the coulee bottom. She was in the act of breaking into a trot when her rider's hat whirled from his head and he pitched sideways out of his saddle as if struck by lightning.

A moment later the report of the shot reached Marie. She glanced over her shoulder and saw Hardy outstretched on the ground, flaccid and inert. With a suddenness that almost threw her pony off his nimble feet, she wrenched him around. The mare had stopped within two strides, and twisted her head about to look at her fallen master. What she saw was enough to have frightened most horses and women into terrified flight. The blood was gushing from a jagged wound above the right temple of the fallen man. The manner in which Hardy had fallen showed that the shot had come up the coulee. The quick eye of the girl perceived the dissolving puff of black-powder smoke that was rising above the coulee end of the ride behind which she had seen the blanketed rider.

Flinging herself from her pony, she plucked Hardy's rifle out of its sheath and leveled it across his saddle. But she could see no sign of the assassin, and no second bullet came whirring across the coulee. The girl glanced down and saw that if Hardy was not already dead, he soon would die from loss of blood. Without a second look up the coulee, she bent over to rip the hem from her underskirt. This gave her a bandage. Her own and Hardy's handkerchiefs served for a compress. Swiftly she bound them on the wound and stopped the bleeding.

Even when this was done she did not pause to feel if his heart was beating. Nor did she stop to pick up the rifle. Utterly regardless of the assassin, she sprang up and darted to the spring rill. If the murderer still lay in wait, he would be tempted from shooting at the coward's girl. In a twinkling she was back at Hardy, her hat full of the cool spring water. She drew him around on his back and began laving his face. Cleansed of blood, the gray pallor of his skin alarmed her. She loosened the collar of his gray flannel shirt and felt his heart. Several moments passed before she could detect a feeble fluttering.

When at last he opened his eyes, his head was in her lap. He gazed up into her down-bent face, his mind still in a daze. A frown of pain creased his forehead. He murmured, in the querulous tone of a sick child: "Mother—Mother!"

Instinctively her soft hand began to smooth away the frown with a gentle, caressing touch.

"A-a-ah!" he sighed. "You've come, Mother—dear, dear Mother!"

His eyes closed in restful contentment. The girl continued to stroke his forehead. Suddenly his eyelids lifted, and he looked up with the clear, bright gaze of full consciousness. He saw the womanly compassion in her beautiful face. Her eyes were tender and lustrous with sympathy for his suffering.

"Marie!" he murmured. "It is you! I—I thought my mother——"

"Hush!" she said. "You have been

shot in the head. I do not know how serious it is."

"Shot? In the head?" He lay still, considering this. Her look had not altered under his gaze. From her utter lack of self-consciousness he divined that she thought him dangerously if not fatally wounded. After a pause he began to speak with the calmness that sometimes masks the most profound feeling:

"You scarcely know me—but, in the circumstances, I trust you will pardon me for—not waiting. I love you. From the first I thought you the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Now I know you to be the most lovely—your soul as beautiful as your face. Do not shake your head. It is the truth."

She averted her shame-flushed face. "I—I cannot permit you to speak to me this way."

"You are too good and kind to refuse to hear me," he replied in the same calm voice. "I know about him. I know I have no chance, dear. He is young and handsome; while I——" The pale lips curved in a quizzical smile. "Young and handsome, and he seems as worthy of you as most men can be. I hope he proves worthy. He must, for you have given him your love."

The girl's bosom heaved. The tears overran her brimming eyes. "You are—are generous!"

Again his lips curved whimsically. "Perhaps I am generous because there is no other course open. I would ask you—would urge you—to marry me, if I thought I had even a fighting chance of winning you."

"Marry you! You would ask me? Yet you know what my father is like; and you Army people are so—so proud. I, an Indian quarterbreed, and my father what he is!"

"My mother—passed away—only a few months ago. She was all I had. Now I shall always have the thought of your goodness in addition to the dear memory of her."

The girl turned her face still farther away from him. "I cannot endure— You shall not think of me that way!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dupont," he apologized. "It is most inconsiderate and ungenerous of me to lie here claiming your sympathy on false pretense. I feel my strength coming back. It must be that the bullet merely grazed my head."

Before she could prevent him, he twisted about and raised himself on his elbow.

"Oh!" she remonstrated. "You should not move."

He forced a laugh between his clinched teeth.

"No, it's what I thought—only a scratch. All right now, except for a little dizziness. I have been imposing on your sympathy— Did you see where the shot came from? I must go and rout out the rascal."

The girl grasped his rifle and sprang up away from him.

"You shall not go," she declared. 'I'm sure he ran away the moment you fell."

Hardy straightened on his knees and rose unsteadily to his feet. His voice was as firm as his pose was tottery: "Be so kind as to help me to mount."

"No," refused the girl.

She twitched the bridle reins over her pony's head. Still clinging to the rifle, she sprang into the saddle and galloped up the coulee. After two or three vain attempts to pull himself into the saddle, Hardy took his docile mare in lead and staggered across to the spring rill. Refreshed by a deep drink, he went over to a ledge that was high enough to enable him to mount.

He was still too weak and dizzy to ride out of a walk. Before he had gone many yards up the coulee, he saw Marie ride into the entrance of a gulley, wheel about, and start back at an easy canter.

As soon as she was within hearing, she called almost gaily: "He has gone miles away by now. We'll ride in and send a party of police to track him."

Hardy turned his mare down the coulee. Marie overtook him close to where he had fallen when shot. Without stopping her pony, she leaned far over in the saddle and picked his hat off the ground. When she handed it to him, he perched it on his bandaged head to shield his eyes from the sun, and reached for his rifle. But the girl insisted upon keeping the weapon. Also, despite his protests, she rode between him and the ridge behind which she had seen the blanketed man.

CHAPTER XII.
THE COQUETTE.

UNABLE to endure the jar of a trot or gallop, Hardy urged the mare to her fastest walk. They had gone less than a mile when a horseman came loping up the slope from Sioux Creek.

Marie borrowed the field-glasses. A single glance thru them at the approaching rider brought a blush and radiant smile to her face.

"It is Mr. Vandervyn," said Hardy in an even tone

"Yes," she replied. She handed back the glasses, but did not look at him until Vandervyn rode up.

The young man's face was flushed, as if he had been drinking. When he pulled up before them he was seemingly so struck with Hardy's appearance that he scarcely heeded Marie's joyful greeting

"What's the matter, Captain?" He exclaimed. "You're white as a ghost—and your head tied up! You must have come a nasty cropper."

"Bit of an accident. Not serious," replied Hardy.

"It could not well have been closer," said Marie. "Captain Hardy has been shot."

"Shot?" cried Vandervyn.

Swiftly She Bound Them on the Wounded Man.

"The bullet grazed the bone above the temple. Had it been half an inch lower or farther back, it must have killed him."

"Half an inch," repeated Vandervyn. His face crimsoned, and the veins of his forehead began to swell. "Where is the fellow? Did he get away? How long ago was it? Loan me the mare, Hardy. I'll run him down."

"It will take trackers to do that," said Marie. "He was out of sight long ago. I think he must have run as soon as he saw Captain Hardy fall."

"I'll do my best to overhaul him, if the captain will loan me his mare. My pinto is about done up. I returned only an hour ago."

"Very good of you to offer," said Hardy. "But the rascal might ambush you. We'll order out a squad of police. Besides, I wish your report on your trip. I presume Redbear is at the Agency."

"No." Vandervyn turned a scowling face towards the butte, as if angrily eager to be off in pursuit of the would-be assassin. "Charlie went back to Thunderbolt's camp to see if his sister was getting along all right with the old chief. I told him that if he was welcomed, he had better stay a few days. If he and the girl make themselves agreeable, we shall have a better chance to quiet the tribe."

"You found conditions still unfavorable?"

"Yes. All the chiefs took a violent dislike to you; and they had stirred up the whole tribe. Charlie and I talked and talked. You know a white man can talk Indians into anything, if he keeps at it."

"What result?" snapped Hardy.

Vandervyn shrugged. "We insisted that they ought to give you another hearing. I know we made some impression, especially on old Thunderbolt. If you went to his camp, you might get him to listen to you. That we learned for sure. The feeling against you, however, is so strong that you had better not risk it. The chiefs no doubt would be willing to let you visit the camps on safe conduct, so to speak; but I doubt if they could keep the wildest of the young bucks in hand. This shooting proves it. No doubt one of the red devils has been hanging around the Agency for days, waiting his chance to pot you. I'll ride in ahead and order out a squad of policemen to track down the scoundrel."

"Good!" said Hardy.

Vandervyn was soon loping down the slope to Sioux Creek. But when they reached the valley and saw thru the glasses the squad of police only just leaving the Agency, Marie conjectured that the jaded pinto had slowed to a walk while going up the valley.

The Indians were accompanied by Dupont. When they met his daughter and Hardy, he stopped to express his indignation at the outrage and to inquire the particulars. He then rode on with the stolid policemen.

At last Marie and Hardy reached the Agency. It was none too soon, for the injured man was reeling in the saddle. He wished to go to his own cabin, but the girl would not hear of it. With the assistance of Vandervyn, who came out of the Dupont house to meet them, he was helped down from his mare to a cot in the shady porch. Here in the open air Marie washed the wound and took several stitches to draw the edges together. Tho the bullet had cut the surface of the bone, it had not penetrated or fractured it. With antiseptic treatment the wound promised to heal in a few days. When Hardy had fallen asleep the girl rose and went into the house, and Vandervyn followed her.

The young man made no attempt to conceal his anger. He closed the parlor door and turned upon her accusingly. "So that's what you've been up to all the time I've been away?"

"Up to what, pray?"

"Coquetting with that old fossil of a tin soldier."

"Am I not a dutiful daughter?" the girl parried. "Mon pere said I must make myself agreeable to the agent."

"He did!"

"Why not go and ask him, if you doubt what I say?"

"I don't. That's just it. I'm in it all!"

The girl's eyes flashed with resentment, but her voice was sweetly mocking: "Oh, Mr. Vandervyn, how can you? Captain Hardy never swore once during all our delightful rides."

"You've been riding with him every day?"

"All except one. I've been sorry ever since that I missed that one. He was invariably courteous. It has been a most amusing game. He treats me with as much respect as if I were a young lady of his own set."

"There's no one else here for him to flirt with."

"That is an advantage, is it not?" The girl dropped into her English manner. "I daresay he will forget me as soon as he gets back to civilization—unless I decide to accept his proposal."

Vandervyn stared at her cynically. "You needn't try to rag me, Marie."

She smiled. "So you do doubt what I say. Yet it is true. Captain Hardy did

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me the honor of declaring that he wished to marry me."

"Hardy asked you?—he, a captain in the regular army?"

"And I a quarterbreed, the daughter of my father. Amazing, is it not?"

Vandervyn caught himself up as he saw the proud humility of her expression. It was a new look to him. He had often seen her proud, but never humble. His jealousy flared: "How did you answer him? You didn't accept—you refused the old board-back!"

"Yes and no, that is, not yet," the girl teased.

Vandervyn stepped close and grasped her arm.

"Tell me! Say you refused him."

"Be so kind as to release me, Mr. Vandervyn."

"I will not—until you tell me."

"But I have."

"You refused him?"

"No."

"What! You accepted him?"

"No, I have done neither. He is willing to wait for an answer."

"You coquette! You're trying to play me against him."

"So that is what you think of me?" The girl wrenched herself free and turned from him haughtily.

He stepped forward, and again grasped her arm. His voice shook with jealous anger: "You shall have nothing to do with him! He shall not have you!"

"Indeed! May I ask what right you have to dictate?"

"You love me, that is why," he flung back at her. "You love me, Marie. You can't deny it." His voice sank to a deep, ardent, golden note that sent a tremor thru her. "You are mine—mine! You know it. Your arm quivers—that look in your eyes! You cannot hide your love, Marie—sweetheart!"

He sought to embrace her. But again she wrenched herself free from him. She could no longer feign hauteur. Her face was rosy with blushes; her bosom heaved; her eyes, behind their veiling lashes, glowed with tender passion. Yet she kept her head despite the intoxicating ardor of his look. Unlike Oinna, she was not so unsophisticated as he persisted in thinking her.

"You take a good deal for granted, Mr. Vandervyn," she attempted a mocking tone. "I am not yet your sweetheart, nor am I so sure I shall be."

He came nearer to her, his eyes the color of violets and sparkling with tiny golden gleams. He held out his arms. His voice was low and enticing: "Sweetheart—sweetheart!"

She swayed towards him, checked herself in the act of yielding, and eluded his grasp.

"No!" she cried. "You're a bit too sure. I've no mother, halfbreed or otherwise, to advise me, my dear Reggie. I must be my own chaperon. You charge Captain Hardy with trying to play me. Yet when he spoke to me of his love he also spoke of marriage."

Vandervyn's eyes narrowed and as quickly widened in their most childlike stare.

"How can you, Marie?" he reproached. "You say that as if you think I have been trifling with you all these months, when you know as well as I—— But, of course, if you do not trust me, I have no show against him. He is free. I am, as you know, tied down by the uncertainty of my position."

"That is quite sad, is it not?" she mocked. "I am rather more fortunate. Whether or not there is any uncertainty about my position, I am not bound to any one, nor am I bound to bind myself to any one."

"Why are you so hard to me?" he pleaded. "You know that if my uncle gets even a hint that I am interested in a girl out here it would be all off with me. He doesn't know what you are like, and it would be impossible in writing to convince him how charming you are."

"What a misfortune! Only, as it happens, I have no wish to marry Senator Clemmer. He already has a wife."

"That's just it—a wife and half a dozen daughters. It's all cut and dried that I am to marry Ella, the oldest unmarried one."

"Ah—so that is why——" faltered Marie, the rich color ebbing from her cheeks. But she was only momentarily overcome. Her spirit rallied almost as soon as it drooped. "It is most kind of you, Mr. Vandervyn, to tell me the delightful secret. Permit me to congratulate you."

His brows peaked in a doleful frown. "You are cruel to take it that way. I don't love the girl. You ought to know that—you do know it! Can't you see the hole I'm in? Even if it wasn't for Ella, they'd all think of you as a—an Agency girl. I wouldn't stand a ghost of a show of being appointed agent when Hardy quits."

"Does he intend to quit?"

"If you turn him down, he'll leave just as soon as he finds the tribe still set against him. Then—don't you see, sweetheart?—I shall get the appointment as agent. Your father and I can rip into the little old mine as fast as we please. We'll pay the workers big wages in trade goods. We want the tribe with us. Charlie and I took a careful look thru the workings. The tunnel that Nogen ordered driven cuts the vein way below the shaft, and proves that it does not pinch out. It's a real mine, sweetheart. In a few months we'll have enough ore shipped to the smelter for me to cut loose from my uncle and do as I please. You know what that means."

Again he came towards her, his eyes softly glowing, his arms open to embrace her. And again she eluded him, this time with no hesitancy or wavering. Her smile showed that she was once more in control of her emotions.

"Aren't you rather previous, Reggie?" she asked, from the other side of the tea-table. "We are not yet engaged."

Vandervyn stifled an oath: "By —— I'll have you yet! You shan't get away from me!"

Indeed?" she mocked, tho she quivered from the passionate ardor of his voice. To cover her emotion, she shrugged as only a woman of French blood can shrug. "That is to be seen, Mr. Vandervyn. And now, if you'll kindly excuse me, I must give a fair share of my time to my other devoted suitor."

She slipped out onto the porch before Vandervyn could interfere. He muttered a curse and went into the dining-room to get one of Dupont's whisky bottles out of the dainty little sideboard.

Once more there is an attempt on Hardy's life. How he escapes and meets Tiowun-kooza, chief of the tribe, and makes peace with him thru Oinna is told in the next instalment.

* * *

The Vampire.

"ANOTHER type of woman," said George Ade, in responding to a toast, "lends her man like a vampire. She can turn any occasion into an occasion for vampire work.

"The sweetheart of one of these vampire females said passionately last New Year's Eve:

"'Will you love me all thru 1917?'

"'Yes, I will,' she answered.

"'Swear it!' he muttered, clasping her in his arms.

"'I do,' she breathed.

"Their lips met. Then——

"What do you swear it by?' the infatuated man proceeded.

"Once more she pressed her lips to his. Then she breathed:

"'I swear it by that magnificent and really very reasonable string of pearls I showed you in Biffany's window yesterday afternoon.'"

* * *

Why Neighbors Call.

BARLOWE—"I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you tonight."

Dobson—"That's right, but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new furs. I don't want my wife to see them just now."

Barlowe—"Why, that's what we are coming for."

* * *

Twice in the Same Place.

OFFICER (as his car bumps over pedestrian's legs)—"Hey, there! Look out!"

Tommy (picking himself out of the Flanders mud)—"Wat yuh goin' to do? Back up?"

The Popular Daughter

"MY DAUGHTER," stated the large woman who caught her breath first in the conversation and so got ahead of the other ladies, "my daughter is so terribly popular that sometimes, I declare, I wish I had a child who was so homely that people always spoke of her as having a lovely nature and sweet disposition. Not that Eloise lacks either of those attributes, but folks generally speak of her eyelashes or her color or something obvious like that!

"Just why I haven't been down sick with nervous prostration I don't know—sitting in my room night after night all tense and ready to jump at the slightest noise because three of Eloise's most devoted admirers insisted on all coming at the same time, and you never knew whether they were going to fly at one another's throats or not!

"Harry would come in carrying a box of violets and would look with scorn at Grenfield's box of candy—and Percy would arrive just then with a new book of poems and turn pale at the vision of the mundane offerings of the other two. You'd a-thought they'd have liked a chance to go home and catch a mite of sleep, but each one would stick and hang, as if afraid to leave the others in possession of the field.

"Their conversation consisted of growls down deep in their throats, and how Eloise ever stood it I can't see. She insisted it was an inspiring situation and seemed to thrive on it, wearing a different gown every night and having her hair marcelled till it's a wonder the roots endured it.

"'Eloise,' I would say to her, 'think of the hordes of unattractive girls sitting at home darning stockings simply because they have not a single beau to dress up for—and release your clutches on three or four of yours! It's pure selfishness to corner the market, and I'm sure if Mr. Hoover finds out you are hoarding admirers as you are, something dreadful will happen.'

"I give you my word, there were tears in that child's eyes. 'Mother,' she said, 'they wouldn't leave if I set off dynamite underneath their chairs.' And I guess it's true. When a girl is really fascinating all her family can do is to stand it. Of course, Eloise ate all the candy Grenfield brought, her face would be a sight, but her father and I enjoy it very much, and when Harry's flowers overrun all the vases in the house I take a bunch to my sister, whose daughter would be amazed and surprised into a nervous chill if any one so much as picked her a bouquet of dandelions. I always believe in cheering up those who suffer. I can't do much with Percy's book of poems, but they do to weight down things as well as make the library table look literary!

"I'm only thankful that Eloise got rid of a beau she had when she was 18. He was 40 and a widower with black whiskers. I always thought the whiskers were responsible for the child's temporary fascination, because she was young enough to be expecting birds and things to pop out of 'em any minute. This Mr. Sandmorrow was a collector of ores and rocks, and every time he came he would bring Eloise a choice specimen weighing a pound, more or less, and you know how careless girls are!

"Her father was always stumbling onto one in his stocking feet and breaking a toe, and if I tried to take down anything from a closet shelf I was more than likely to get an awful crack over the head from a rock that Eloise had tucked up there in despair of finding any other empty place. All the mahogany was scratched up from Mr. Sandmorrow's ore specimens, and there was a long row of them on the mantel, making the house look like a stone mason's sample office.

"But right after him Eloise had the young man who threatened to commit suicide and the lawyer who wanted to read her all his briefs—and her father and I in the library were compelled to listen also—so, altogether, we kind of forgot our troubles with Mr. Sandmorrow.

"I've begged Eloise to freeze some of her admirers out, so that life may be more livable for father and myself, but she's so tenderhearted she couldn't hurt a fly.

"'When I'm making so many of the poor things unhappy, mother,' she says, 'I just have to be nice to them!'

"As I say, I wish she had a pug nose or wore flat heels or something!"

"You poor thing!" sympathized the thin woman who had been turning the heel of a sock and hadn't wanted to talk, anyhow. "I'm glad mine are both boys!"

* * *

Not in Her Class.

WILLIS—"Did you ever read the story of the sword of Damocles? Just think of a man sitting thru a whole meal with a sword above him suspended by a single hair."

Gillis—"Bah! He isn't in it with the woman who can dance serenely all evening with her whole wardrobe depending on a dinky little shoulder strap."

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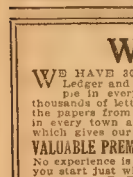

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Your Kitchen in War Time

Canning and Drying Notes

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

AUGUST and the early part of September bring their harvest of ripening fruits and vegetables and housewives all over the country are getting ready to preserve them.

The National War Garden Commission at Washington, D. C., in a circular which it is sending broadcast, is urging you to do your best in preserving food for the winter, and so help can the Kaiser. Its mottoes are, "Can till you can't" and "Dry all you can."

For vegetables, there is no better way of keeping them for winter use than drying. Below you will find hints on how to dry them, as well as hints on what not to do. A few of the recipes for fruit preserves listed below are sugarless. It is your duty to use them in putting away fruit for the winter. Sugar is very scarce now, because of shipping difficulties. If you want to help your son or brother in the trenches, don't use any more sugar in your cooking than is necessary. Let Uncle Sam use all his available shipping space for his boys across the sea, and don't divert ships to supply you with sugar either because of thoughtlessness or selfishness.

If you are a novice in drying vegetables and fruits, begin with a small quantity of some one product. Have it very fresh, and prepare according to directions. As a general rule, products to be dried are cut into slices or shreds with the skin removed. Sharp knives, a good board and a vegetable and fruit slicer are needed implements.

In using artificial heat be careful to start at a comparatively low temperature and gradually increase the temperature. One hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit as a minimum to 150 degrees Fahrenheit maximum is a practical general rule. Oven thermometers are almost indispensable for reliable work. Write to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., for a free drying manual, which will be sent on request. Send 2-cent stamp for postage.

The actual time for drying cannot be given; it varies with atmospheric condition, apparatus, and judgment exercised by person in charge. A little experience will make it easy to determine when products are sufficiently dried. Fruits should be rather leathery and pliable, but no moisture should come to the surface when pressed. Vegetables should appear slightly more dry, but should not snap or crackle. Berries are dry enough if they stick to the hand but do not crush when squeezed. If dried too hard fruits and vegetables will not resume their natural shape when cooked. The commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

DRYING DON'TS—Don't turn the flame high when using gas under a drying outfit, says the National War Garden Commission of Washington, D. C. A lid from coal range placed over the opening of stove helps to distribute the heat.

Don't place a drier over a kerosene flame without a sheet of tin or galvanized iron across the bottom to protect products from oil fumes.

Don't put products directly on board, tin or wire netting when drying.

Don't believe reports that dried products are inferior in flavor and quality. Such reports are neither true nor patriotic.

DRYING PEPPERS—Steam peppers until skin softens, or place in a pan in oven and heat until skin blisters. Peel, split in half, take out seed, and spread on paper or thin muslin in trays or on boards. Start drying, if artificial heat is used, at 110 degrees Fahrenheit and raise gradually to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, maintaining 140 degrees Fahrenheit to the end of the process.

Thick fleshed peppers, such as pimentos, must be dried very slowly and evenly. Small varieties of red peppers may be spread in the sun until wilted, and the process finished in a drier at 140 degrees Fahrenheit; or they may be entirely dried in the sun. Large peppers, instead of being halved, may also be shredded, according to probable uses in cooking. Again, large peppers are sometimes dried whole. String them on stout thread over the kitchen stove and hang up to dry.

DRYING OKRA—Small, tender pods are sometimes strung on stout thread and hung over the stove to dry. Heat in oven a short time before storing.

The treatment specially recommended for okra, however, is to blanch in boiling water for three minutes. Use one-half of a level teaspoonful of soda to each gallon of water. The drying may be started at 110 degrees Fahrenheit and raised gradually to 140 degrees Fahrenheit; but an initial temperature of 115 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit gradually raised to 135 degrees Fahrenheit, and held at 135 degrees Fahrenheit, has been demonstrated in recent experiments as giving the most satisfactory results.

DRYING CAULIFLOWER—After cleaning, divide the cauliflower into small pieces. Blanch six minutes and drain. Spread on trays and dry. Recent experiments show that cauliflower will stand well an initial drying temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, which should be gradually raised to 130 degrees Fahrenheit and maintained until the drying is complete. Altho turning dark while drying, cauliflower will regain part of its original whiteness in cooking and cooking. Dried cauliflower is especially good for soups and omelets.

DRYING PARSNIPS — Parsnips are vegetables worth drying. Clean thoroly, scrape off skin and cut into one-eighth-inch slices. Blanch two minutes and drain well. Spread evenly on drying tray and start the drying at 120 degrees Fahrenheit and raise gradually to 145 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature should not exceed this at any time. The parsnips are sufficiently dry when the pieces break if one tries to bend them and when they show no moisture upon being pressed between the fingers.

CANNING DON'TS—Don't ignore directions in any detail. If you haven't time to can right you won't have food in the can left. Improperly canned food will spoil.

Don't use artificial preservatives or "canning compounds." They are not only harmful to health, but unnecessary when using the cold pack method.

BLUEBERRY JELLY — Use berries which are just ripe. Wash and put in an enamel kettle. Add a small amount of water to prevent burning. Cook berries slowly until very soft. Then strain without pressing thru a cheesecloth or flannel bag. Measure the juice. For one cup of juice use three-fourths cup of white corn sirup. If the supply of sugar warrants it use two-thirds to three-fourths of a cup to one cup of juice.

If corn sirup is used boil the juice to one-third of its volume before adding the sirup. Boil rapidly. The jelly is done when two drops run together and drop off as one from the side of a spoon.

Skim and pour into hot sterilized glasses. When cold seal as usual.

This is a typical recipe and any fruit may be made into jelly following these directions.

FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR—

1. See that all equipment is ready before starting.
2. Test jars and rubbers.
3. Select only fresh, firm, sound products.
4. Prepare by cleaning, sorting stemming, seeding, paring and coring.
5. Scald or blanch peaches, apricots, figs and plums one to two minutes in boiling water or steam.
6. Dip quickly into cold water. Finish preparation. (Omit steps 5 and 6 for all fruits not named.)
7. Pack at once in hot, clean glass jars or other containers.
8. Pour over the fruit the boiling hot water.
9. Wipe around top of jar carefully with clean cloth.
10. Place scalded rubber and cap in position.
11. Partially tighten tops; seal tin cans completely.
12. Sterilize for the length of time given below, according to the particular type of outfit used:
    Hot-water bath.....30 min.
    Water seal 214 degrees...20 min.
    Five lbs. steam pressure..12 min.
13. Remove jars from canner; seal completely.
14. Invert to test joints for pinhole leaks.
15. Cool as quickly as possible, avoiding drafts.
16. Label, wrap and store for winter use.

Use for pie fillings, puddings, ices, sauces, salads and in the making of fruit punches.

CORN SIRUP WITH SUGAR—This table shows the proportion of corn sirup, sugar and water that may be combined for making canning sirups of different densities:

Thin Sirup.

Corn Sirup.	Sugar.	Water.
1. 1 cup	1 cup	2 2-3 cups
2. 2 cups	1 cup	4 cups
3. 3 cups	1 cup	5 1-3 cups

Medium Sirup.

Corn Sirup.	Sugar.	Water.
1. 1 cup	1 cup	1 2-3 cups
2. 2 cups	1 cup	2 1-2 cups
3. 3 cups	1 cup	3 1-4 cups

Thick Sirup.

Corn Sirup.	Sugar.	Water.
1. 1 cup	1 cup	1 cup
2. 2 cups	1 cup	1 1-2 cups
3. 3 cups	1 cup	1 7-8 cups

Sugarless Cake Frostings.

FOR the company cake that seems to require "dressing up," there are a number of frosting substitutes that require no sugar. Cocoanut, raisins, nuts, jelly and honey are among the articles one may use for a layer cake filling as well as a "top." Raisins and nuts finely chopped together, and moistened a trifle with a tablespoonful of warm water, make as rich and toothsome an icing as one could desire. Shredded cocoanut mixed with a stiffly beaten white of egg to which a little salt and vanilla have been added makes another delicious frosting. Honey and corn sirups make the foundations for all sorts of soft frostings. A mixture of shredded cocoanut, chopped nuts and such chopped fruits as pineapple, banana and orange may be blended and spread with honey. Candied lemon and orange peel added to these mixtures give a delicious flavor. And jelly and jam spread upon cake while it is still hot from the oven is worth eating!

Pineapple Snow.

PARE, remove the "eyes" and grate a large, ripe pineapple; there should be a cup and a half of pulp. Add half cup of water and ¾ cup of sugar. Place on range in an enameled saucepan and simmer 20 minutes; soak ¼ box of gelatine in ¼ cup of cold water ½ hour, dissolve over boiling water and drain into first mixture. Set saucepan in a bowl of crushed ice and stir until it begins to stiffen, then add the juice of ½ a lemon and the whites of 2 eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into a fluted mold and chill on ice. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with orange extract. This mixture may be chilled in individual cups or glasses and served with sweetened cream.

Everyday Helps.

CORN BREAD should not be too deep in the pan or it will not bake thru.

A small piece of ham boiled with string beans give them a pleasant flavor.

Apples should be baked in a very quick oven and basted often with the sirup.

To get cake out of the pan whole when taken from the oven, set it on a wet cloth for five minutes.

To preserve brooms dip them for a minute or two in a kettle of boiling suds once a week and they will last much longer. This makes them tough and pliable.

Fig Tapioca.

LINE a pretty glass dish with thin cross-sections of ripe, peeled figs; pour in about an inch of prepared tapioca, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla; add a layer of sliced figs, then another of tapioca, continuing until dish is full, adding figs last. Be sure tapioca is cold before pouring over figs, or they will be bitter. Chill thoroly and serve with thin cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla, whipped cream or chilled boiled custard.

Baked Tomatoes.

CUT slices from the tops of medium-sized tomatoes. Now, with a spoon, remove the center. Chop this pulp very fine. Place on the stove and thicken with cornstarch. Cook a few minutes.

Season highly and then break an egg into the prepared tomato cup. Cover with the thickened tomato pulp. Place on a well-greased baking pan and add ½ cupful of water. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Scalloped Salt Fish.

ONE and one-half cups of salt fish, 3 cups boiled rice, 2 cups thin white sauce. Shred the fish and soak in lukewarm water for about an hour, or until the pieces are softened. Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of the fish and boiled rice which has been mixed with the white sauce. Cover with bread crumbs and bake until hot thru and crumbs are browned.

Welsh Rarebit.

MINCE 1 small onion very fine and cook until soft in 1 tablespoonful of salad oil. Do not let it brown. Now add ½ cupful of cream cheese, cut fine; stir constantly until the cheese melts, then add ½ cupful of thick cream sauce, ½ teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce; stir until well blended and very hot. Serve on toasted corn bread.

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ELOPEMENTS OF PINEAPPLE

By Harriet Lummis Smith

Pineapple was an old maid—almost; yet a flirtatious sister and a telephone call from a stranger led to complications which brought her sweet happiness.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

AT THIRTY Penelope Applegarth, known to her intimates as Pineapple, was awaiting her first proposal. She was likely to mention the fact casually, and with a certain humorous interest which relieved her listener from any feeling of embarrassment. Sometimes she added that thanks to her sister, Leila, the family average was good.

Leila was two years younger than Penelope and had married at twenty, after two engagements and a score of love affairs which she counted over as complacently as an Apache brave does his scalps. She hated to interrupt the fun by marriage, but in her simple creed to pass twenty-one unwed subjected a girl to the blighting suspicion of being an old maid. Moreover, she hoped that marriage might prove less of an interruption than some foolish people thought it, and the outcome justified her optimism. The love-making was less obvious than before, but the necessity for concealment added to the fascination of the game.

Along with a genuine affection, the two sisters cherished an equally sincere contempt each for the other. Leila frankly pitied the woman not adept in the primitive art of ensnaring the wary male. Penelope was sorry for any human being who loathed walking, fishing, boating, golf, tennis, in brief, whatever involved exercise, with the sole exception of dancing, and who was dependent for happiness on the admiration of the opposite sex. Penelope liked men as she liked women or children, and many a man paid back her liking in the coin of honest friendship, asked her advice on his love affairs, and sent her an invitation to his wedding.

Hardly had Penelope crossed the invisible line separating the twenties from the thirties, when Beverly Dwight developed symptoms which the astute Leila at once recognized. She dropped a hint to her sister that if she played her cards carefully she might retrieve the disgrace of unwooed maidenhood. Penelope's answering shrug suggested annoyance.

"Oh, nonsense! Poor old Beverly! He never thought of such a thing."

"Watch his eyes, Pineapple," said the experienced Leila. "He thinks of nothing else."

When Penelope encountered Dwight on the street an hour later, and met his enamored gaze, she shocked herself by blushing, but she knew that Leila was right. And forthwith her habitual frank friendliness was exchanged for capricious reserve. Her distaste for Leila's angling methods drove her to the opposite extreme. The man who wanted her must be prepared for pursuit.—At an earlier stage her cool aloofness might have disheartened her adorer, but Dwight had reached the point where nothing but a knock-down blow could halt him. He became daily more assiduous in his attentions. For the first time in her life, Pineapple betrayed shyness.

Then, unexpectedly, a crisis developed. Dwight came up rather early one evening and interrupted her defensive small talk by handing her a letter from his firm offering him the charge of their Western office, with a generous increase in salary. Penelope was enraged to find her ears burning as she read.

What do you think of it?" Dwight's air of depending on her answer could not have been more marked had he been addressing the Cumaean Sibyl.

"Why, I know very little about business, but it seems to me that you're to be congratulated."

"It's promotion, of course. Shall I [illegible]"

"Wouldn't it be foolish to refuse?"

"It all depends. You see, if I take it, I must leave at once."

"Yes," she said, looking at the letter again. All her will could not keep her hand steady. She had come to the big moment in her life. A man was about to ask her to marry him. And more surprising still, she was going to [illegible] She had reached the parting of the ways. On ahead were joy, responsibility, uncertainty. Her heart fluttered against her ribs like a caged bird.

Then the bell rang. Mrs. Conway, one of Penelope's neighbors, was an agreeable woman, but neither of the young people was glad to see her. To do Mrs. Conway justice, she would ordinarily have dodged a room where a young man and woman were engaged in a conversational duet, but Penelope's immunity to sentimentality had come to be known by her women friends. Mrs. [illegible] stayed on as if she meant to spend the night, and monopolized the conversation till in desperation Dwight arose.

"Then you wish me to accept?" He tried to look into Penelope's eyes as he extended his hand, but her gaze was fixed on the floor.

"I—advise it." She spoke in a [illegible] away voice, not in the least like Pineapple's.

"I'll see you tomorrow evening." Dwight tried to press her hand surreptitiously. "I'll be a little late, quarter of nine, possibly. But there are some things I must talk over with you."

"Yes," Pineapple Steadied Her Voice, "I'll Be There."

He left forgetting to bid the intruder good-night, but Mrs. Conway was too overwhelmed by contrition to resent the omission.

"Pineapple, don't break my heart by telling me I've interrupted a proposal."

"How absurd! I've never had such a thing, as you know very well."

"Say it with emphasis, my child, for you won't have an opportunity to say it long. There was such a look in his eyes. At any rate, you won't see me to-[illegible] but I'll be around [illegible] Wednesday morning to offer my congratulations."

"How absurd," said Penelope again, but with obvious insincerity. She was such poor company that Mrs. Conway was not long in following Dwight's example.

Penelope's sister Leila lived but a few blocks away, yet they saw comparatively little of each other. Their viewpoint was so fundamentally different that anything like intimacy was out of the question. When Penelope went across lots to her sister's home the following afternoon, an accusing conscience told her she was anticipating the pleasure of having Leila question her about Beverly. There were only two subjects which Leila found of interest, dress and men. Any conversational topic which had no bearing on one or the other of those fascinating themes bored her unspeakably.

Leila was not at home, and Pineapple told the maid she would wait. She went up the stairs to Leila's "boudoir," as its mistress was fond of calling it, a vain, silly little room with a superfluity of pillows and mirrors and lounging chairs, a room pervaded by the cloying perfume of which Leila was so fond. Penelope flung up the window, then threw herself into a chair and idly glanced at one or two magazines upon the table. In less than five minutes the telephone rang and, with a sense of relief, Penelope discarded the mawkish tale in which she was vainly trying to interest herself, and crossed the room to answer the importunate summons.

"Hello!" She spoke with the usual interrogative inflection.

A man's vibrant voice flung back a single word. "Darling!"

Pineapple was the victim of a curious delusion. No man had ever called her darling, and yet she thought at once of Beverly Dwight. And so strong is the force of the association of ideas that the voice hissing the term of endearment across the wires seemed to her the voice she knew so well.

"Is that you?" choked Penelope, and knew herself for a fool before the words were out of her mouth.

"Yes. Listen! It's all up. That d—d prig of a Crane has just been to see me. You made a terrible break, girlie. You [illegible] a note and inclosed one I had [illegible]"

[illegible] gasped, sick with understanding. Crane was an old admirer of Leila's. He had been devoted to her before her marriage and it had pleased her to make his captivity permanent. And by now Penelope was sure of the identity of the other party in this dialogue, an out-of-town man named Colby, who had come to Woodberry temporarily and had at once fallen under Leila's spell. Her face white and grimly set, Penelope listened.

"He gives me twenty-four hours to leave town. If I'm here tomorrow noon, he'll take the note to your husband. You know what that means."

"My God!" Penelope breathed. Her brother-in-law, a taciturn, brooding man, was a marvel of forbearance up to a certain point. Penelope's heart stood still as she realized of what he might be capable after the limit was passed.

"I'm not afraid of either of them," Colby boasted. "For myself, I'd rather stay and fight it out. But for your sake I'm ready to go—but not alone."

"Not alone?" Penelope whispered. "But what—but how——" She stopped, afraid to say more lest despite the similarity of voice which had tricked the man at the other end of the line, he should discover she was not the woman he supposed.

"I'll be at the corner of the State Road and Trevor's Lane at 8 o'clock tonight with a machine. You must meet me there. Promise me you will meet me."

Yes." Penelope studied her voice. I'll be there."

"Bring just as little as possible, sweetheart. We'll buy what you need in New York. You won't fail me?"

"No," Penelope said faintly. "I'll be there. Good-by." She hung the receiver on the hook and rose. Mentally she was stunned, incapable of deep feeling. Only the colorless face reflected in the mirror showed the shock of the revelation to which she had just listened.

Half way down the stairs she halted and returning to her sister's dressing table, she sprinkled her clothing with the perfume Leila always used. This ceremony completed, she sped homeward, making her plans as she went.

At 8 o'clock that evening a machine gliding softly along the State road, came to a halt just opposite the narrow and winding byway known as Trevor's Lane. As it stopped, a woman heavily veiled, came out from the shadow of the trees and stood irresolute. The man at the wheel uttered a little exultant shout and springing to the ground caught her to him. As he lifted the veil and kissed her, she drew away gaping. The veil fell again in obscuring folds about her averted face.

"Why, what's the matter, little girl?" Colby laughed. "Frightened?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint, but the trembling of her body in his encircling arms, said more than the timid monosyllable.

"That's all nonsense, girlie. There's nothing to be afraid of now. It's all joy ahead, love and joy. Kiss me."

Mechanically she raised her veil as he stood waiting, and touched his lips with her own. He laughed again boisterously.

"You're scared to death, darling. You're not a bit like yourself. You'll feel different when we've put this cursed town and all that belongs to it behind"

He lifted her into the machine and sprang to the wheel. "Where are we going?" she asked as the car glided forward. Tho the two were as much alone as if they had been the sole survivors of the human race, she spoke in a half whisper.

"I'm not quite sure. We'll put a hundred miles between this burg and ourselves, and then we'll find some little town with a good hotel for tonight. Tomorrow we'll go on to the city."

Little more was said. The man gave his attention to his driving and the veiled woman watched him. He was sleek and handsome in a gross, overfed fashion, and he guided the car with skill. Once he turned and laid a hand upon her knee, whereat she started violently.

"All nerves tonight, aren't you, Leila?" He smiled upon her teasingly, but withdrew his hand.

They had ridden for an hour before the moon showed round above the horizon. The woman turned to look. Something slipped from her hand, flashing in the moonlight as it fell from the swiftly moving car. She cried out sharply.

"Oh, my pocket-book! I dropped my pocket-book."

The man brought the car to a halt with a jerk which threw them both forward. "Did you have much in it?" he demanded, looking back over the way, little illumined as yet by the moonlight.

"About fifty dollars and my jewelry."

An irritable oath suggested that the future he had portrayed so eloquently, as comprising only love and joy, might have its shadows, too.

"D—d careless! I don't know whether I can find the thing or not. We're running more than forty miles an hour." His heavy face was flushed with annoyance as he sprang from the machine. The woman turned her head and watched him as he hurried back, her manner suddenly alert.

A messenger sent to hunt for a pocket-book dropped from a moving car on a dark night has some excuse for swearing. Colby made the most of it. He trotted heavily in the direction from which he had come, or peered into the bushes at the side of the road, he cursed with a fluency and variety suggesting painstaking practice. An unexpected sound arrested him. He halted, turned and stood transfixed. His car was moving.

"D—n her," cried the loyal lover. "Now if she's gone and meddled——"

The woman in the car threw a look over her shoulder, then bent to the wheel. The car sailed ahead and was lost to sight in a strip of woods. The abandoned owner, after a futile attempt to overtake his property by sprinting, stood stock still in the silvery radiance of the moon, his jaw dropping in utter

stupefaction. He recovered himself at length sufficiently for an outburst of profanity which included impartially every daughter of Eve from creation till the present day. Choking with rage, wounded where alone he was vulnerable—in his vanity—he cursed till his face was purple and his voice husky. Then mopping his moist face he trudged on in the wake of the runaway car.

The nearest town was six miles away with scattered farms between. The involuntary pedestrian considered stopping at one of the farmhouses and telephoning the police of the towns ahead to be on the lookout for a woman driving a stolen Chandler car, and arrest her. The idea, tho appealing, was discarded after a brief reflection. If the story got out he would be made ridiculous, the one thing he dreaded. He could imagine the zest with which the newspaper men would undertake the writing up of the frustrated elopement. Even the satisfaction of blasting Leila's reputation was not worth that price. He could only swear helplessly as he limped his weary way ahead. For a gentleman who lives not wisely but too well a six-mile stroll at the conclusion of a full day is anything but a pleasure.

The only hotel in the town of Glenwood is situated on the main street, almost the only street, indeed, the little place can boast. It was nearing eleven when a florid gentleman, carrying his coat on his arm, approached the unimposing structure. Then as he caught sight of a car standing near the side entrance he stopped with a gasp of recognition.

A youth shambled forward. "Good evening. Reckon you're the owner of this car. The lady said you'd be along."

"O, she did, did she?" The newcomer seemed trying to swallow something large and unwieldy which stuck in his throat on the way down. "Was there—any message?"

It seemed there was no message. By way of excusing the omission, the rustic explained that the lady had seemed in a hurry.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Colby grimly and looked down the road, a red gleam in his eyes. Between love of a certain sort and hate, the difference is so slight that one may become the other almost in the twinkling of an eye. In the breast of the commonplace, overfed man the lust to kill was for the moment dominant. But weariness did battle with this primitive emotion. Giving brief directions as to his car, Colby ascended the steps of the little hostelry and ordered whisky and a room near the one bath.

At one o'clock that night young Moran in charge of the Pennsylvania freight house at Mygkoti Junction glimpsed the flutter of a woman's skirts at the other end of the long platform. Moran took his lantern and went down to investigate. There was a woman and she was alone.

"What you doin' here?" Moran asked a little roughly and held his lantern to see her face. Then his arm dropped. His other hand flew to his cap in an involuntary salute.

"Beg pardon, I didn't know——"

Ignoring his apology, Penelope answered his question. "I am waiting for a train."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Woodberry."

"There ain't no train to Woodberry till morning. The only passenger that stops is the New York train."

"But I don't want to go to New York," objected Penelope.

"You can't sit here all night, lady. It ain't safe. The depot's shut and there may be tramps stowed away in some of these here box cars."

"I have a revolver." She opened her handbag and took out her little weapon. Something in her manner convinced Moran that she would use it if the need arose.

"All the same, lady, I don't like the idea of you're sitting here alone till s. rise. You can come back to the freight ho se if you like. There ain't nothing to sit on but a stool, but that's better at this time o' night than a station platform."

Penelope was musing. "What time does the New York train reach here?"

"In about fifteen minutes."

"And when does it get into New York?"

"Six o'clock."

She nodded in assent to some unspoken thought. "Yes, that would be the best way out. I think I'll go to New York."

After what seemed a long quarter of an hour the screeching of a whistle announced the arrival of the New York express. Again Moran came down the platform to assist the single passenger aboard. The alert porter looked for her luggage.

"I'm carrying it myself, thank you," said Penelope with dignity and the darky's eyes widened as they fell on her little handbag. She reached the door of the smoking-room just as a man emerged. He turned and stood transfixed

"Pineapple!"

"Beverly," she gasped and swayed as if about to fall. His arm went around her just in time to save her.

"Pineapple, darling, how did you know where to find me?"

"I—I didn't. Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving for my new job. Pineapple, you went away tonight and didn't leave a word for me. I thought you didn't care to hear what I was going to say. You know what it was, don't you, dear?"

"Why—ye-e-es."

"It made me wild when I found you'd gone somewhere, nobody seemed to know just where. All I wanted was to get away and never see you again. I made up my mind to see the firm in New York in the morning and go West without ever coming back. Why did you treat me so, Pineapple?"

"I forgot all about you."

The explanation itself was hardly reassuring to a wounded lover. Yet the fact that she was permitting him to hold her in his arms helped to soften the blow.

"Penelope!" he said a little sternly. "Where have you been tonight? What does all this mean?"

She bethought herself of appearances just in time to extricate herself from his embrace before the conductor came and Dwight waited grimly for the conclusion of the necessary negotiations. The porter "Seven," the porter suggested insinuatingly, in the dulcet tones of his race.

"I'm not ready yet. I have something to say to this gentleman," Penelope waved the ebony interruption aside, and faced the palely expectant young man braced against the side of the car

"There's not a soul I'd tell this to but yourself, Beverly. But—you have a right to know." She gave the story of the night's adventure in as few words as possible, and he listened paling and flushing by turns. Before she finished his arms were around her again.

"Pineapple, we get to New York at six o'clock. I think we can get a special license there, but if not we'll go to some other State and be married at once."

She pondered. "I'll sleep on the idea."

"You'll do as I say," he answered a little roughly. He looked this way and that, and finding the porter discreetly invisible, drew her close and kissed her. From the composure of her demeanor no one would have guessed that it was his first kiss.

"For a girl who never had a proposal," began Penelope, lifting her candid eyes to him, "never in my life, Beverly——"

"Why, I——"

"No, dear, you just took it for granted that I'd marry you. For a girl who never had a proposal two elopements in one night is something of a record."

"Yes, Pineapple," said Dwight joyously, "it sure is going some."

In a Hurry.

"AMERICANS beat the world when it comes to getting things done with a rush," said Pomp.

"Just see how we are turning out ships, now that we've got things going."

"I expect the ships will sink about as fast as they are launched," pessimistically observed Quag. "The trouble with us is that we are in too big a hurry about everything.

"In the grand old days when people did things in a leisurely way they did them right. My grandfather, for instance, bought a chair when he was first married, and it's in my house today, as strong and serviceable as when it was first made. My wife likes to use it, so I decided to buy a chair for myself, one that I could have outdoors, under my vine and fig tree. I went to the furniture store and bought one that looked substantial enough to hold up an elephant. It cost me four times what grandfather's chair cost him.

"It was sent out to my house, and I seated myself with the evening paper and expected a happy time. But presently the chair yawed over to one side and came down in a heap and dumped me on the concrete walk and practically ruined a lot of my ribs. I am too old a man to be doing gymnastics that way. Investigation showed that one of the legs of the chair was traversed by a knothole right where it went into the seat, and the wood broke off where the knothole was and let me down.

"The furniture man was quite fair, and sent out another chair, but that didn't make my injured slats feel any better. The point is that such a chair shouldn't have been offered for sale in the first place.

"Last spring I bought a ladder so that I could go up to the roof of the house where some shingles were loose. I don't suppose you ever saw a better looking ladder. It was the kind of ladder, in appearance, that would inspire confidence in the most skeptical heart. I took a hammer and some nails and began climbing it, and when I was half way up the rung on which my weight rested broke in two, and it was pathetic in the extreme the way I hurtled down through about five miles of space and landed in an old rainwater barrel.

"The man from whom I bought the ladder was very sorry. He sent out another ladder, and that was all right, and showed the proper spirit, but it didn't restore my wounded hide.

"As I said, a lot of hurry may be excused now, when we have a foe to whip, and when balmy peace comes back again I am going to take out a license as a lecturer and make the rounds of the country schoolhouses urging the rising generation to learn to be thoro and to do things right."

Not Refreshing to Him.

ON THE line of the Pennsylvania Railroad just outside of Newark, N. J., stands a glue factory, which sometimes emits a particularly offensive smell. A lady who was often obliged to ride on this line always carried with her a bottle of smelling salts. One morning an old countryman took a seat beside her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole compartment was filled with the horrible odor of the glue. The old man put up with it as long as he could, then exclaimed:

"Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"

More Rain, Please.

TIM MALLOY, a Texas farmer, applied for naturalization papers. The judge asked him: "Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country?"

"Y-yis," hesitated Tim.

"Does the Government suit you?"

"Y-yis, yis, only, bedad, I'd like to see more rain."—Puck.

Well Trained.

BORLEIGH—"Nice dog. Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?"

Miss Smart—"Oh, yes, if you just whistle he'll fetch your hat."

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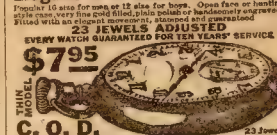

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For the Woman Who Sews and Embroiders

Crocheted Lingerie Ribbon.

FOR these ribbons use either the mercerized cotton fiber silk or any of the silk substitutes which are well twisted and a steel hook of suitable size.

The ribbons wear well and are very inexpensive. Begin with ch. 5 * draw up loop under this ch., close to hook, thread over hook and draw a loop thru. This loop is kept on the hook. Repeat this three times then thread over hook and draw thru all loops, keeping this loop on hook until needed. Insert the hook in the last or fifth loop drawn up under the first ch. 5, draw up loop and make ch. 5, drawing the last st. thru the idle loop on the hook. Repeat from * until the ribbon is the desired length, which will be about one and one-third yards.

The ends can be finished with little crocheted rings, balls or small crocheted roses.

Summer Smock.

IT WOULD be impossible to create a more artistic garment for summer wear than the smock. Young girls and slender women find it exceptionally becoming.

The loose and straight but pliable lines of the smock conceal and even beautify defects, simulating a pleasant roundness of figure. The materials used for them range from calico to Georgette crepe.

One very practical smock is very much like a large allover apron, for it buttons on the shoulders, is very long and shows huge pockets capable of holding any necessary articles, from knitting to farming implements.

A Neat Edge.

BEFORE padding the scallops on the edge of a doily place it on the sewing machine, fixing the tension so that the stitches are small as possible. Stitch the outer edge of each scallop, taking care to keep on the stamped line. Pad the scallops and cut out each scallop one at a time close to the stitching before embroidering it. This makes a smooth, neat edge, and there is no danger of its fraying out.

A Handy Oblong Mat of Linen Crash

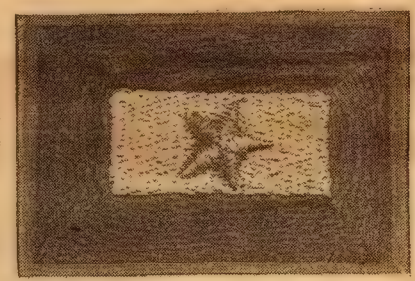
BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE Oblong Mat is made of natural colored or dyed linen crash, embroidered in three shades of the same color, with the edge crocheted of the darkest shade. This work can be done in silk, fiber silk or mercerized cotton. The model is done on natural colored linen in peacock blue fiber silk, but any other of the decorative colors desired can be substituted. For this work no padding is required. The part demanding careful handling is keeping the edges clear and clean cut, for this follow the stamping exactly and the work is speedy. The design is not so very important, in fact most any graceful pattern can be used. Many of the workers have some stamping pattern or part of pattern, which have been used before, but will make as attractive a decoration as a new design. For the edge, turn the linen up once on the right side and baste securely, over this hem make * 7 s. c., 3 ch. sts., form a p., repeat * for the four sides.

If finer thread is used make 9 s. c. and 5 ch. sts., to form a p. One can make this mat any size. Of small pieces one may have left from other work, this will afford one the opportunity of using them; this may be padded with cotton and lined with china silk and made useful for handkerchief or glove case, of somewhat larger piece for a side table under a candle or flower vase and still larger for a library table runner. These are but a few of the possible uses for this kind of work.

Wear a Service Flag for Your Soldier

BY ROWENA.



Facsimile of Silken Service Flag to Be Worn on Sleeve.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

LAST winter Arthur Goldman, a clever young man of Chicago, conceived the idea that an unusually large number of girls would be anxious to show their patriotic remembrance of the boys, while they are doing their duty in their respective regiments, by wearing a Service Flag for him. At the same time all the young men in the service will feel that while they are doing something worth while, the girl at home, for whom he is fighting, will be glad and proud to wear this woven Service Flag in remembrance of him. As a result we have this combination of the Service Flag of silk embroidery, 2 inches long by 1½ inches wide, to be worn on hat or coat or sleeve, pasted to a victory postcard for correspondence.

This card is artistically designed with a border of red, white and blue stripes with "On to Victory" as a headline. Beneath the silk flag is a facsimile in print to show the soldier that the silken Service Flag was here. How little we at home realize of the feeling when thoughts of home attack the soldier. At such times, he will derive an incalculable amount of cheer and comfort from the thought that some one dear to him is wearing this flag for him.

In addition to this satisfaction of the boys, there is the gratification of knowing that one-half the royalties from the sale of these cards is sent to the American Red Cross for the benefit and comfort of the soldiers "over there," so besides doing for our own we are also doing something for the other boys as well.

The well chosen words printed on the left-hand side of each of these cards express in a few lines the wealth of feeling and thoughtfulness of the sender.

Card No. 1:

"While I am doing my bit
To make the world safe and free,
Won't you wear this Service Flag
So I'll know you're thinking of me."

Card No. 2:

"I know that your thoughts are with me
Whether in air, on land or sea,
Here's a little silken
Service Flag
As a remembrance of me."

Card No. 3:

"If I knew I'm not forgotten
I'll have less cause to grieve.
Won't you wear this little
Service Flag
On hat, or coat or sleeve."

Card No. 4:

"While you're gone in freedom's cause
You'll know my thoughts are true,
I'm wearing a silken Service Flag
As a good luck emblem for you."

White Skirts Find Favor.

THE separate white skirt and sleeveless sweater that are finding favor this season seem to be particularly fitted for beach wear, especially by those who are more keen for enjoying the pleasures afforded by the board walk and the beach than those of merely being on parade. White canvas is particularly suitable for these white wash skirts, and many smart women appeared in their gayly colored sweaters, tailored skirts and either canvas pumps or oxfords.

To Transfer Designs.

HERE is a way of transferring embroidery designs to dark material, which will prove a helpful hint now that such decoration is so popular for dresses. Baste or pin your design to the material, and trace it with bright thread in running stitches, then pull away the paper and you have the design clear and distinct. Embroider at the side of these stitches, or cover them, according to the style of work; when finished the stitches are easily drawn out, if not covered.

A Home Made Hat.

HAVE you ever wished for a hat to match every frock which would not be an extravagance even in war times. If so, make it of checked gingham.

These washable hats can be made reasonably at home, and are so becoming and youthful that they are indeed popular this season. If you want a smart hat that is practical as well as economical, make one of these lovely gingham models.

The foundation frame is best made of wire and covered with lawn designed for tubbing. An old frame may be recovered with the lawn or other thin washable material. A medium size shape of the sailor kind is best. Cover the brim and crown separately with the lawn. Lay the crown on the white material and cut out the shape. Finish the edge neatly over the wire frame.

The crown should be covered in two parts. Cut a circular piece for the top and a bias strip for the side crown, seaming it neatly in back.

After the foundation frame is finished cover the shape with the checked gingham. Both the upper and under side of the brim must be covered and the edge well finished.

Small checked gingham is best adapted for this type of hat, also any piece left over from the gingham frock could be used. These hats are so reasonable that to have one to match each frock is not extravagant. Worn with a simple white frock a pink gingham hat is quite irresistible.

For trimming these pretty hats generally choose gingham bows. To make one of these cut a length of gingham on the bias and hem it with a narrow hem. Draw the gingham band around the crown, draping it into graceful folds and tie it into a pert bow at front. To make the bow stand up fine wire may be used or the gingham may be starched to a stiffness.

A variation of this bow may be made by edging the gingham bow with white lawn. The binding can be purchased by the piece, ready to use. It is also smart to bind the edge of the mat with it.

Since organdie collars and cuffs are being used so much lately on gingham frocks, bows of the white material are frequently seen on the gingham hats. These should be removable, so that they can easily be laundered.

Those who consider the white trimming a bit perishable for knockabout wear can use a pretty bow of plain chambray and still be quite in style. A hat of lavender checked gingham would be interesting with a bow of plain lavender chambray. For daintiness and economy, who would want a prettier hat than one of the popular gingham?

A Study in Black and White.

A BLACK calico frock with white cuffs, collar, sash and fold on the bottom of the tunic brought the thought to mind that calico and canvas were rather war time materials, for the smart young wearer of the calico had canvas pumps. Her black straw hat was lined with white and had a white organdy band around the crown, and a soft butterfly bow of the same material.

Hemstitching Hint.

DRAW two threads, leave four and draw two; then double hemstitch in the usual way. This is very nice for towels and table linen as it gives a more substantial look than the plain hemstitching, and it wears better, too.

Rheumatism

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Hulls of Stone

(Continued From Page 6.)

to. Not only that, but think of the time saved in building them. We can turn them out in six weeks after we lay the keel. Think of that. If we had the backing of big men like you we could start ten, fifty, a hundred, five hundred, and have them finished in a month and a half. Doesn't it make you feel thrilled? Doesn't it raise you out of yourself?"

For the briefest instant a smile came to the clean shaven lips, but it passed away quickly. Very kindly he observed her.

"Virginia—named for the Mother of Presidents. What an orator you would make, Virginia. It is Virginia, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"I knew it. I could see it in your eyes. That undying spirit."

Virginia Landis felt her heart go out to him. She leaned forward.

"Then I—we can count on your support, Senator?" she asked in a low tone.

He passed his hand over his forehead, as tho wearied. "I—can't say," he replied in a low tone. "Sometimes I think yes, and sometimes no. But you almost convinced me, young lady."

Virginia's heart sank. She had lost, she could see that. Then her blood raced in her veins again. She rose and came close to him. He did not move. His eyes smiled at her.

"We have started, Senator," she said quietly. "And what we have started will come to a successful conclusion. Perhaps you are right in not giving your support to us just now. But you cannot deny your own eyes. In four weeks we shall have completed our work. Then, on the launching, I want you to see—I want you to be convinced. I want you there when it is launched—our hull of stone. Will you come?"

He did not remove his gaze. The smile on his lips widened, and he patted the hand that had crept so childishly upon his shoulder.

"Child, I cannot deny you that. Yes, I will come, altho I can make no promises."

Virginia smiled at him.

"You need not, sir. You will give your support then."

He rose and bowed to her. "Adieu, my dear, and success. By Gad, Markey is a lucky fellow to have a girl like you to assist him."

Virginia smiled back at him. Joy was running wild in her heart. She had won! The dressed person rose and he would have departed after her. Little did Virginia think that she was being followed. Her heart was too full of the knowledge that the Senator would come when she would have completed her work. Her trip to the Capital had been productive of something anyway.

CHAPTER IV.

TROUBLE STARTS—AND CONTINUES.

THO Virginia Landis had long since put aside scruples at lying in strange beds, she was happy to note that she could make the return trip to New York that night in time to arrive at her little suite near to midnight.

The interview with Senator MacGibbons over, her thoughts naturally turned to the message she had received from Bellows on the preceding night. She wondered vaguely if things were going all right with him now. Tho he had not told her that there might be trouble with his men, his words had intimated that much. And if so, Virginia knew, they could not afford to stand many interruptions now. Once the work of pouring the concrete into the moulds was started they must work double time to complete it. It took twenty-eight days to "cure" the product after it was in the moulds. And, somehow, she wanted to get started.

She did not note the figure that was just behind her when she purchased her parlor car seat. That individual would not have inspired the slightest suspicion even if she had thought that she was followed.

He was apparently a young business man returning from a mission not unlike her own. His features, tho refined, were a little too sharp. There was a glint to the closely set eyes that belied his general appearance of gentility. He was right behind her when she boarded the train.

Her thoughts were taken up entirely on the work before her as the train plunged on swiftly. For two days she had not heard from Johnstone. In his last letter he had intimated that perhaps he would be accepted in the Officers' Training School. She had replied that she confidently expected such to happen. Tho his letters were of the briefest, there was an indefinable touch to them that but added fuel to the flame that had been kindled in her heart. She wondered if that feeling had communicated itself to Johnstone.

As the train pulled into the big terminal in underground New York, she rose to take her departure. The figure in the chair just across the aisle waited until she had passed to the door, then he leisurely followed. Thru the great arched space she went. As she hailed a taxi the behind did likewise. He was smiling now, a vague smile of satisfaction.

Before the house in which Virginia maintained her little suite, she paid the driver and walked slowly up the stoop. A taxi whirled past them. She did not note it except impersonally. Then she passed inside. But the man in the whirling taxi halted it at the corner and strolled slowly back along the street. He showed his pace perceptibly as he approached the house, and his sharp eyes made a note of the number. Then he disappeared around the corner.

It was still early in the morning when Virginia reached the office the next day. The accumulation of mail was dispatched quickly. One letter she held out. It was from Johnstone and bore the postmark of the camp. Only when she had finished the work at hand did she open it.

In part it said:

"I expect to be up in two weeks. I have been selected for the Training School and hope to win a commission. Keep up your good work."

There followed a lengthy discussion of his ideas and the suggestions he had in mind. Virginia lowered the epistle and gazed unseeingly out the window. Then she did a very womanly thing. She kissed it and pressed it to her bosom.

An hour later she was at the little way-station. The freight agent smiled at her. His face was a signpost of news.

"Too bad about th' fight, warn't it, ma'am?" he asked.

A brief paleness came to Virginia's cheeks. "Fight?" she asked.

"Yes. Didn't ye know? Some o' yure men had it hot an' heavy last night."

Virginia's heart pulsed as he words with curiosity. The ally he granted, and the wheel spun. They were off.

The wind was high and the little craft plunged crazily over the waves. To Virginia it took a long while to negotiate the distance. Then as they drew near she was conscious of the fact that no resounding noises that bespoke labor were audible. Her worst fears were realized when the freight agent had said was then true.

A sickening fear clutched her. As they drew up to the dock she noted that a knot or two of workmen were standing listlessly about. Her cheeks paled as she walked rapidly toward the house in which Bellows had his office.

In response to her knock he bade her enter. She drew back a step as she noted him. There was a rude bandage about his head, and his cheeks were marked with the unmistakable evidence of a battle. But he rose as she came in.

"Bellows," she breathed, coming forward quickly, her woman's instinct urging her to rebind his wounds, "what has happened?"

His tight lips smiled grimly. "Had a fight that's all," he replied succinctly. "But it'll work itself out in a day."

"Fight? How?" She was deadly in earnest now.

He motioned her to close the door, which she did. When she had come forward again the superintendent lowered his voice.

"I don't want to scare you unnecessarily, Miss Landis, but as sure as shooting there's a German spy at work."

"German spy, are you certain?" breathed Virginia.

"Absolutely. But I haven't got him yet, so he's still here. It's Zimmer, my assistant." His deepset eyes glowed with suppressed excitement. Then he raised his hand. "But don't worry. Last night a fight started. It ended with a free-for-all in which everybody was implicated except Zimmer. I got into it—as you see! But half the gang are laying up for repairs. They'll be all right tomorrow. We could not go ahead today anyway, owing to the fact that in the fight, some one loosened some of the forms, and we have to build them up again!"

Virginia Landis seated herself quickly. The news was distinctly bad. "Some of the forms loosened? Then—it was—done?"

"No doubt of it," replied the superintendent. "But who done it? That's the question which I'm going to answer or know the reason why! There's no need to worry, tho."

Virginia transfixed the superintendent with a quick glance of approbation. He was a man, clear thru. She congratulated herself upon her choice of men.

"Then you'll be ready to start in operating tomorrow surely?"

"Absolutely. I'll make those Hunkies work as they've never worked before, Miss Landis. The cement got in this morning, and I had it stored immediately. We've got enough material on hand now to complete the job with any sort of luck!"

She nodded absently. Then she turned to the superintendent. "I want to finish four weeks from today, Bellows. I have a great reason for desiring that. You can do it?"

He rose and stood above her.

"I'll do it or slaughter some Hunkies in the attempt," replied the tall silent man. "Now, I'll go out if you don't mind."

Virginia did not stay him. She removed her hat, and seated herself at the desk. The working blueprints were all red-pencilled. That was Bellows' manner of showing just how the work was progressing. She noted that the forms were already replaced, and that they were in a position to start immediate work. As she glanced out the window, she could see the tall form of her superintendent as he gave his orders to the various men. Then, as she looked, the laborers scurried toward the mixers. Several of them commenced wheeling barrows of sand to a vantage point, while others did the same with the gravel. A scaffolding of a roadway to the top of the forms was miraculously being built. For the first time in a week, Virginia smiled at the signs of progress. For a long time she gazed at the blueprints, and studied them. In a month Senator MacGibbons had promised to come and see her launch the hull of stone.

She was so intent upon her thoughts that there was a repetition of the knocks on the door before she roused herself and invited the visitor in. A broad-shouldered man with a heavy face entered. He removed his cap, and glanced in surprise at the occupant of the room.

"Well?" asked the girl.

The man bowed jerkily, and moved forward, swinging his cap in a gorilla-like hand.

"They sent me in here," he volunteered, "I come to see about a job."

Virginia looked him over. He was no doubt a man of strength, that could be ascertained by the powerful build.

"What can you do?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Anything. Mix concrete, build forms," She nodded. He was not an inspiring [illegible] but there was no doubt for Mr. Bellows. Say to him that I hired you."

The man turned, and walked out slowly. There was a little grin on his lips.

Again Virginia looked out over the expanse. Then, as tho propelled by springs she rose precipitously. A scream was unsuccessfully stifled, and her eyes widened with fear. From the job came yells of warning and hoarse curses. With a quick movement the girl was out the door, and flying toward the mixer. Underneath it was a pile of cement-filled bags, and on top two barrows. Beneath all this was a form. Feverishly she directed the men to remove the debris.

She dropped to her knees at the side of Bellows. His eyes were closed, and he was unconscious.

Under her direction four of the men lifted him, and carried him into the room.

"Go for a doctor," she ordered one of them. "And tell Zimmer to come here instantly."

She unloosened the shirt, and washed the grimy mess from the still face. Her ear told her that the heart still beat. She could see the accident now. It seemed that she had just looked when it

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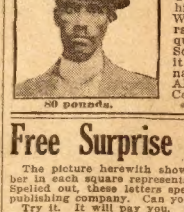

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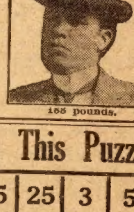

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had happened. Two of the barrows had collided, and in turn they had loosened the bags. Bellows was just below. He had not been able to jump out the way, altho he had raised his arms as a sort of protection.

His eyelids fluttered open just as the door opened, and a thickset, blonde man came in. His was the Germanic caste of features. He looked once, then stepped to the side of his superior. With deft fingers, he made the suffering man easier. When he looked up, his eyes were filled with foreboding.

"Arm broken, Miss Landis," he said in perfect English. "And so far as I can ascertain, his collar-bone seemed to have been fractured. It looks bad to me!"

Virginia looked squarely into his eyes. Nothing was to be seen. If this man was a German spy, he certainly acted the part perfectly of an innocent workman.

"It's too bad," Zimmer was going on. "Just when we need him, too."

The statement sounded ominous. Virginia colored, and her teeth came together.

"Zimmer," she said quietly. "Please see that the work goes on immediately." The man bowed, and made as if to leave. "Also, Zimmer," continued Virginia with a ring to her voice. "Report for orders to me hereafter!"

Again he bowed. Not by any action did he show that he was surprised at not being elevated to the position that was rightfully his. To Virginia the action was born of the circumstances. She recalled what Bellows had told her but a brief hour before. If Zimmer was a spy, she had her work cut out for her. And again she was momentarily overcome with her own weakness to cope with this gigantic work. She trembled a bit at the very thought of it.

Bellows was breathing more easily now, altho still unconscious.

Then, a great yelling came to her ears. For the moment she shut her eyes, and wished that she was away from the place. When she looked, her heart sank.

At the prow of the forms, hanging in utter wreck, the wooden forms had torn away, due to imperfect building of the platform. Virginia sank to the chair. Her first impulse was to give way to her feelings, and cry. But she straightened up, and walked slowly out. The air blew across her cheeks in stinging rebuke for her cowardly thoughts. Zimmer was quietly directing the men to tear the wreck down.

"Rebuild it immediately, Zimmer," she said. But there was a great weariness in her voice. What had she undertaken? Would these unforseen accidents never stop?

As she turned to walk slowly into the house, a form stood on the far side of the [illegible] and grinned at her. She did not see him. She did not even know his name. It was the man she had hired but a short time ago.

With Bellows injured, Virginia has to stay on the island to supervise the work. She has a strange experience in New York City, in which she narrowly escapes danger, and after many vicissitudes finally wins her victory.

* * *

Horse Wanted.

A CERTAIN cricket club in the North engaged a new groundsman. About the same time they bought a horse "second-hand" to pull the roller.

A day or two later the groundsman approached the club secretary, looking anxious.

"I want to know," he said, "who will be responsible if the 'oss happens to meet with a haccident?"

"You would certainly be responsible," said the puzzled secretary. "The animal is in your charge."

"Then I give notice!" said the groundsman firmly. "The brute hasn't speed enough to get out o' the way of the roller and one day I shall run 'im down and flatten 'im out! It's too risky!"

The club is now advertising for another horse.

* * *

There Is a Reason.

SPRING cleaning was in progress and male labor was hard to find. The widow asked her "charlady" if she would bring her husband along one day to assist in moving some heavy furniture. The man came, and the widow was astonished to see how battered his face looked.

"Has your poor husband had an accident?" asked the widow.

"Oh, no, mum; that's what 'appened when we 'ad a few words not long ago."

"Dear me, Mrs. Scrubbs! Did you do that? What a sname! He seems such a nice, quiet man, too!"

The charwoman pursed her lips. "He is now, mum!" she said meaningly.

* * *

Ready to Try It.

"MY DAUGHTER cannot exist without at least three servants," said the proud mother to her future son-in-law.

"Leave that to me," answered the young man.

"But will you be able to provide them for her?"

"No; but I will be able to prove conclusively that she can exist with only one!"

The Art of Keeping Cool

"THE doc says that Sam Gumbo is in pretty bad shape," said Netherland. "If he recovers it should be a lesson to him. He flew into one of his senseless rages because he couldn't find his hat and had a stroke of apoplexy.

"Doc Coral says that anger is a great thing for shortening life. You can't get red headed, he says, without disorganizing your whole system, and every time you do that you cut off a few of your days There's no sense in getting angry and hereafter I'm going to put a curb bit and an overhead checkrein on my temper."

"That sort of flapdoodle would sound all right at a Sunday school picnic," objected Kilwilliam, "but it won't work out in the ordinary affairs of life. The average man can't keep from getting mad any more than he can keep from getting wet when he's out in the rain. You say to me: 'Be serene and calm under all circumstances and you'll live longer.' You might as well say: 'Grow five or six inches and you'll have better health.'

"I control my temper as well as I can, simply because I know a man's always at his worst when he loses it. But some things make me as mad as a wet hen, and always will.

"My place is divided from Spangler's by a high fence all overgrown with creeping plants, so you can't see thru or over it. Last evening I seated myself by the fence, with my pipe and evening paper, expecting to have a real luxurious time. I heard Spangler working in his garden on the other side, but he didn't know I was there. While he was working he dug up half a brick, and naturally, threw it over the fence. It's what I'd have done had I dug up a dornick on my side.

"I can see now that Spangler meant no harm. Any man who finds undesirable debris in his garden throws it over the nearest fence. But when that brick lit on the top of my head and then bounced off and hit my new meerschaum pipe and busted it and then fell on my sore foot and nearly ruined it I forgot all about anger being bad for health and longevity. It never occurred to me that I ought to wear a seraphic forgiving smile.

"I went thru that fence as tho I had been shot out of a trench mortar and wound myself around Spangler, and the way we mussed up his garden was a shame. You can see that my nose is out of alignment today and I think two or three of my ribs are splintered, but you ought to see Spangler.

"I'll go over and apologize to him this evening and we'll be as good friends as ever. He has a temper of his own and he will understand.

"One time when I was seated by that fence I finished a cigar and threw the stub over. It happened that Mrs. Spangler had taken her washing off the line and left it in a basket on the ground and my torch fell among her finest clothes and set fire to them. Spangler came over like a gentleman and knocked two of my teeth out the first clip and we gave a good imitation of Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu for half an hour.

"I wouldn't respect and admire him as I do had he come over with a saintly smile asking me to pay for the damage done. No, he got soreheaded, like a real he man, and I don't know when I enjoyed myself more."

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$1.00 DOWN

A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.50 a month, or only $24.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. BS186A. Send $1.00 with order; $2.50 monthly. Price, only $24.90. No discount for cash.**

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

30 Days' Trial Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves, porch and lawn furniture,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

Send This Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon today.

Free Trial Coupon
STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)
Dept. C501 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you $2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. BS186A. $24.90.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office..... State.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in box below

☐ Furniture and Stoves ☐ Jewelry
☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing ☐ Pabits ☐ Roofing

STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.) Dept. C501 W. 35th Street **CHICAGO**

When Your Friends Have Cars

"WHY, AUNTY, how jolly to meet you," exclaimed the young woman in the extremely fashionable garb as she smoothed her skirt with care while she kissed the street car. "Yes, I know I look perfectly silly in all this gorgeousness. I'm on my way to the Pen and Palette League reception, where I'm to pour chocolate, but, honestly, if I had known I was going in a street car I certainly would have worn something less fashionable and considerably more restrained."

The young woman in the extremely fashionable garb looked down wryly at the pale amber ruffles of her gown which flowed out beneath her white wrap in delicate waves. The elderly woman expressed her sympathy.

"You see," continued the much dressed one, "I fully expected to go in the Blakely limousine, but while I was standing in the window with every preparation completed—for I never like to keep my friends' cars waiting—Kittie Blakely telephoned that, owing to a headache, she had decided not to go down to the league after all. Of course, she hoped very politely that it wouldn't inconvenience me. Altho I was inwardly boiling, I replied sweetly that I didn't in the least mind going alone, and expressed my sorrow for her headache.

"There's no use showing people with cars what one's real opinion of their inconsideration is. But you couldn't you think that, after she had invited me warmly to drive down with her, she would have sent the car for me, even if she didn't go herself? Such an idea never crossed her mind, I'm sure. It was too late for me to change my dress, for I simply must be on time; and, besides, you know I have to go into the next apartment to get my hooking done when Joe's downtown. So, having been in once to bother my neighbor with the complications of this costume, I wouldn't have had the cheek, even if I had had the time, to ask her to help me get out of it so soon.

"Sometimes, for the sake of my disposition, I actually wish that none of my friends had cars, for I'm always allowing myself to feel annoyances at the things they do and don't do with their automobiles. Altho I'm really grateful for many kindnesses, I've certainly had enough trying experiences to qualify me to write a book of 'Don'ts' for the owners of cars. For instance, if I had an electric I wouldn't do, at least I hope I wouldn't do, what Miss Ripley, a member of our French class, did yesterday.

"You know how stormy it was, and I was so hoarse that Joe hated to have me go out, but of course I didn't intend to give up my French lesson for a little cold. So I set forth on foot, and when I arrived at the house where we meet, Miss Ripley came sailing up blithely in her luxurious electric. She lives just around the corner from us. She said to me as we met on the doorstep: 'Why, I might have brought you just as well as not, if I had only thought of it.' What was I to answer to an inanity like that? I couldn't very well regret her thoughtlessness aloud, nor could I, maintain that I preferred walking in the storm. I merely smiled and secretly hoped she would remember to take me home. But she didn't. She took one of the wealthy members of the class who had come in a taxi, and who was just about to telephone for another, when Miss Ripley gayly urged her to go in her electric.

"I naturally feel now that nothing less than an engraved invitation would induce me to ride a block with her. And I feel very much the same about the Bakers. The night of Joe's fraternity reunion dinner I dined at the Bakers'. Mrs. Baker had said when she invited me that Mr. Baker would see that I got home all right, so I went over with no misgivings. When at half past nine I said I thought I ought to be starting home, I never for a moment suspected that when Mr. Baker went out to get the car, which he drives himself, he would not take me to my own door. Then we arrived at the loop, and Mrs. Baker said she would sit in the machine while Mr. Baker put me on my street car, I wonder if they observed any lack of sincerity in my thanks. Joe was simply furious when he found out that I came unescorted.

"But of all the trials I've had my ride with the English girls was the most excitingly disagreeable. Ruth is exceedingly proud of having learned to drive her brother's big touring car, and she and Belle came around one lovely day and asked me to take a spin into the country. I was delighted to go, because I never dreamed that quiet Ruth was a speed maniac. Yet that girl drove so fast after we got out of the city that I begged her to slow down. I was frightened. She laughed and flew along at a breakneck speed, and the result was that we were arrested up in a north shore suburb, and I happened to be the only one who had any money to pay the fine. I looked upon it as a loan, but I think Ruth and Belle must have considered it a contribution to the car's expense fund, for they never reimbursed me. Of course they have just forgotten about it, but I wish they would remember, for I need that $15 to invest in taxis for an occasion like this."

The well-dressed young woman again looked ruefully down at her foamy chiffon ruffles. "Oh, well," she said with a laugh, "very likely somebody will bring me home. My friends are pretty good to me, after all."

* * *

She Was Looking for Bargains.

A SECOND-HAND clothes man was accosted by an Irishwoman, who asked him the price of a certain suit of child's clothes.

"One dollar," was the reply.

"An' phat be the price widout the blouse?"

"Ninety cents, ma'am."

"Only 10 cents for the blouse," said the Irishwoman, and laying down a dime she picked up the blouse and remarked: "I'll get the jacket and breeches cheaper somewhere else."

* * *

Hardened Criminals.

"LISTEN to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious, John," exclaimed Mrs. Stubb, with a smile, "them's what they call hardened criminals, I expect."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

$25 DAILY EASY INTRODUCING GREATest household money saver, just invented; reduces high living cost; saves its own cost first 10 minutes; no talking necessary; sells itself; every housekeeper demands it; retails $2, your commission $1.00; samples free. Home Manufacturing Co., A 57, New Albany, Ind.

BOYS—GIRLS—EARN THRIFT STAMPS. Be the first in your locality; send your name [illegible] Second St., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS' QUICK SALES—BIG PROFITS: Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. HA, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Ia.

$2.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER pants—Worth $6.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. B,-447, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

QUICK SALES. BIG PROFITS. HIGH PERcentage repeat orders handling our popular tube flavors. Enormous demand. Sample outfit free to hustlers. Write today. J. M. Pitkin Company, Dept. 142, Newark, New York.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lucasian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—sell Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 28 S. Main, St. Louis.

$10 TO $15 PER DAY HANDLING NEW household articles. Big war time sellers. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Dept. W. 56, Duo Co., Attica, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN WANTed by Government and business concerns to make mechanical drawings, tracings, etc. Salaries up to $2,000 a year. Pleasant work. Permanent positions. I'll give you necessary training in your home in your spare time, furnish drawing outfit free and help you secure position when qualified. Write today for particulars and application blank. Roy C. Claflin, Dept. 762, Columbia School of Drafting, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT CIVIL SERVICE EXAMInations in Chicago, August and September. Government clerk, railway mail, teacher, immigrant inspector, typewriter, research clerk. Experience unnecessary. Men and women desiring Government positions write for free particulars, J. C. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 405 Kenois Bldg., Washington.

PARLES VOUS FRANCAIS?—LEARN French at your home. Spare times. The world language. Every American should now speak and understand French. Sample correspondence lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 238, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—MEN, WOMen, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T29, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MAKE MONEY

EARN $65 WEEKLY SELLING BEST standard tires at wholesale prices to consumers. Write Mr. Simons, 2204 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROugh instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Budwig, 329 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT NEEDS 20,000 WOMEN clerks at Washington. Examinations everywhere in August. Experience unnecessary. Women Putting Government positions write for free particulars to J. C. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 405 Kenois Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established trade. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 25, Omaha, Nebr.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—GIRLS, WOMen, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T27, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMPLETE moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished; payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 225 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

$5.00 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. Ginseng, $14 lb.; belladonna seed, $64 lb., or grow it yourself. Book and war prices free. Botanical-4, New Haven, Conn.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

"HOW TO INVEST [illegible]" Savage booklet that is sent free to wide-awake men and women in all walks of life who want to pave the way to an assured income for the future. It tells why you need not wildly speculate to make big profits. "Play the safe side." Simply follow the example of the world's richest man—and win! Write now. Savage Motors, 117 East Bethune, Detroit, Mich.

HAVE VALUABLE TRACT OIL LAND. Own new complete drilling outfit. No debts. No profits. Small additional amount needed to complete first well. Highest grade oil. Company endorsed under State law. Wonderful opportunity for enormous profits. Invest from $10 up. Circular free. King Oil Co., White Building, Seattle, Wash.

$30.00 MAY MAKE YOU $20,000. $5 CASH, $5 monthly. Deed to lot and share in oil company. Two oil wells guaranteed to be drilled. Opportunity of lifetime. Agents wanted. Security Oil Association, Beatty Building, Houston, Texas.

$2 BUYS 100 SHARES. ALSO OPTIONS FOR $6 buys 100 shares at same price. 2 producing wells. Others drilling. Dividend guaranteed by national bank certificate of deposit. Agents wanted. Money Back Oil Co., 892 Foster Building, Denver, Colo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay big money on investment; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1100 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

SILVER PRODUCING MINES MAKING MILlionaires through small investments. Address: Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PHOTO DEVELOPING

MAIL US 15c WITH ANY SIZE FILM FOR development and 6 velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives, any size, and 15c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 245 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

PATENTS

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent. References: Dun, Bradstreet and Washington Mechanics' Bank. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 96 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

YOUR SOLDIER BOY

YOUR SOLDIER BOY. SEND PHOTO OF your soldier boy with one dollar and we will make you a beautiful enlarged 11x14 portrait, regular price three dollars. If you have no photo in uniform I will put on any kind for 50 cents extra. Honor your boy. Mail photo today. Eshelman Studios, 308-A, Minor Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND FOR FREE TREATMENT—WORST forms of blood disease—guaranteed. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

PERSONAL

STRUN DOWN CONDITIONS should take [illegible] Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 23 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinge Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN CORrespondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 539, Valley, Nebr.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY YOUR "IDEAL" WITHIN SIXTY days. Either sex. Send no money for sixty-day guarantee and new plan. Pay when married. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk K, Marshall, Mich.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrobel, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH 100 photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

MAGIC WORDS! AMAZING, SURE METHod of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Lida Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOLLY MAIDEN; WEALTHY; WOULD marry. Everybody write. Stamp for reply. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O.

PHOTOS! BATHING PEACHES FROM THE Beaches. Sent sealed, 25c. H. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANting introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage. Dime and stamp. Select Club, Box 166, Topeka, Kansas.

I am paying $2.00 An Hour for Spare Time

C. E. COMER

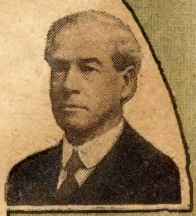
I expect to and am prepared to pay $20,000.00 as the result of this advertisement

No matter what you are doing, no matter what your occupation is now, no matter what your experience has been—I want you to read this important announcement.

I am paying thousands and thousands of dollars to men and women for taking orders for Comer raincoats. Now the banner season of the year for raincoats is right at hand. I need more men and women to take orders for Comer raincoats quick. I want a lot of men and women. I want you. I'll pay you big profits for what you do for me.

I paid Maher of Maine, $53.50 for one day's work. Cooper of Ohio, $31.00 for one morning's work. McCrary of Georgia, $134.00 in two weeks. Mrs. Jennie Ross of New York, $50.00 for one week's spare time work.

I Will Pay You $2500 to $3600 A Year



JAMES J. MAHER
He wrote: "I have taken 25 orders today and am sending same to you. Is there a man on your force who has ever done that?" Mr. Maher's commissions for the day were $53.30.

Men and women taking orders for Comer raincoats are making from $12.00 on up to $100.00 a week right along, depending on how much time they give to the work.

Mind you, mighty few of them ever had any experience. Nearly all worked in offices, factories or on farms, and some of the women now making big money never earned a cent in their lives until they took hold of my proposition and began with the time they could spare from their household duties.

Just think of the facts I give you and you'll agree that any one who tries will make big money with this easy, simple and dignified work.

Fine Coat and Sample Outfit Free

Free Raincoat For You

Big Profits Right Away

You know that every one nee[illegible] damp clothing means sickness [illegible] clothing from dampness and prevents sickness. But do you know that only one out of every ten persons has a raincoat? Think of it! Nine out of every ten persons need raincoats. Is it any wonder that my agents sign up orders so easily and quickly for the famous Comer Raincoats at the remarkably low prices?

W. S. COOPER
He used to work in a factory. Several years ago he began selling Comer Raincoats. Now he makes $75 or better every week easy. His record is $28.75 in four hours.

No Experience Is Necessary

Now here's your big opportunity! The banner season of the year. The damp, rainy season is right ahead of us. Millions of dollars will be spent for raincoats during the next few months. It's your chance of a lifetime to make big money quick; and keep on making it.

Just think in every home there are from one to five persons that need raincoats. We make raincoats for men, for women, for boys and for girls. On one call you will make from $2.00 to $15.00 net profit for yourself.

No Delivering No Collecting

You don't have to deliver and you don't have to collect. We take care of all that. You just talk Comer raincoats, take the orders, and we do all the rest. You lose no time on return calls. You are making money all the time you put in. You don't have to wait for your money. You get your profits at once, and we make delivery and collection from the customer.

Act Now, Mail the Coupon

Don't waste another minute. This is your chance to make $2.00 an hour in your spare time, or $2,500.00 or $3,600.00 a year. Others are doing it. They know what it is to have plenty of money and to wear our fine coats. Just write your name and address on the coupon. It won't cost you a cent. Mail coupon today. Don't delay. Fill it in with a pen or pencil and get the beautiful raincoat we offer you free.

Wonderful Opportunity for Women

More women are making money nowadays than ever before in the history of this country, and they are honored for working, whether they have to or not. Here's your big chance to make big money with easy, dignified work. You can give all your time or the time you can spare from household or other duties. We paid Mrs. Jennie Ross $50.00 for one week's work. Grace Irvine made $17.00 in one day; Mrs. Allen $80.00 in one month. No experience is needed. You just wear the fine sample raincoat we give you, show the Comer style book and samples of beautiful fabrics, mention the surprisingly low prices and take the order. You don't have to deliver or collect, we do that. You get your profit at once without waiting. You simply take orders and we pay you. Our system is wonderful. Send at once for the offer and free sample. Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it today. Do it now.

THE COMER MFG. CO.
DEPT. B-129 - - - DAYTON, OHIO

Mail this Coupon Now

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. B-129, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen:
Please give me full particulars about your Comer raincoat offer. Tell me how I can make $2,500.00 to $3,600.00 a year. Send me free circular so I can pick out my free sample coat.

Name .....

Address .....

Postoffice .....

State .....